



The Grail

DECEMBER, 1930

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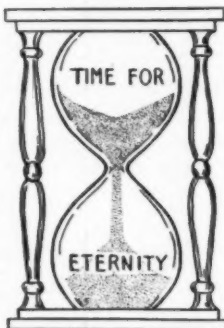
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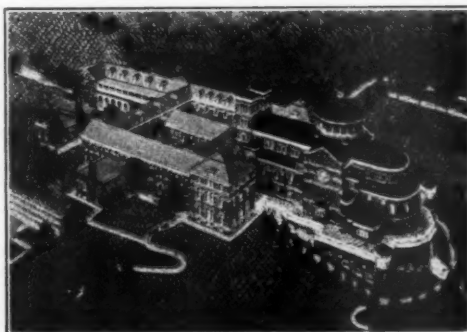
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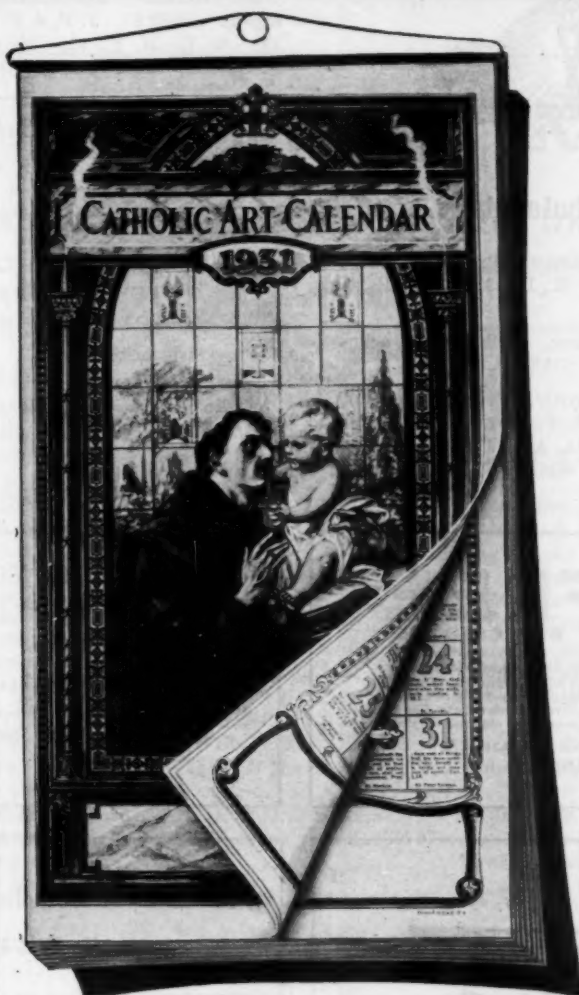


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The Grail

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NUMBER 8

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Mother of Pearl

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

Fair Queen of the ocean, sweet Mother of Pearl,
The dews of the midnight all nestle in thee;
All the tears of the stars,
Alighting with sweet minstrelsy, roll and purl
With melodious bars
In thy coral-toned shell of the sea.

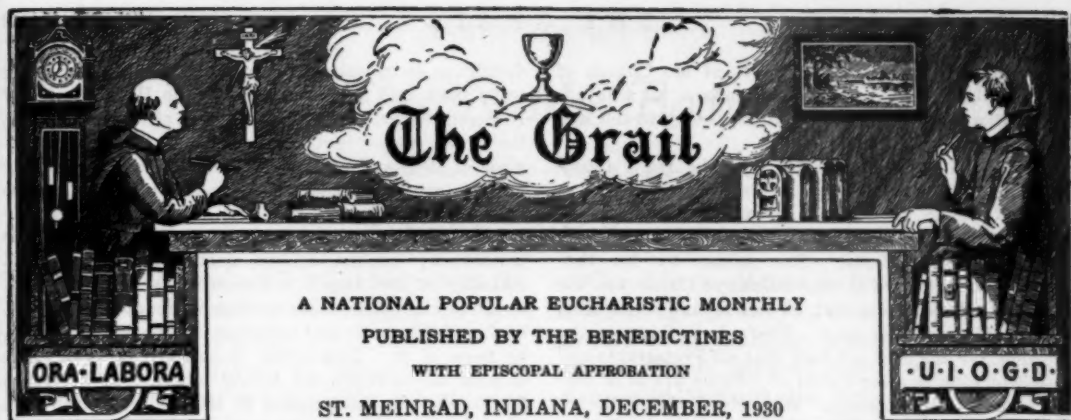
Tumultuous tides of mankind can be heard
A-beating in thee on eternity's strand;
All the woes of the land
Resound bitter-sweet in unsyllabled word,
For a breeze as of Dawn
Enraptures the sighs of morn.

Thus throb through the night all the yearnings of earth
Made vocal, sweet Mary, in each breath of thee;
Till the first peep of day
A new fascination enkindles for me,
Revealing thy worth
In the power of its whitening ray.

The rainbow that graces the brightening skies
By thee is outrivalled, fair Mother of Pearl,
When the Sun doth arise
Empurpling thy lips, shooting emerald sheen
To endazzle each curl
Of thy marbled-blue archings serene.

To the whitest recess throbs the light of the Sun,
Till all nature enraptured is thrilled at the birth
Of thy Treasure, thy Pearl!
That most wonderful Child of our penitent earth,
By whom heaven is won
And the death-clouds their banners must furl.

Unto thee, Mother mine, I surrender my all
In exchange for thy Pearl that exceedeth all price,
That is radiance fall
On this soul till now clouded with meanness and vice
That with Jesu's own light
It be rendered more fair in thy sight.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Why Not Xmas?

Occasionally someone gives vent to his disapproval of the abbreviated form *Xmas* for *Christmas*, calling it vulgar and saying uncomplimentary things about the use of this abbreviation. In the early Church, when it was an offence against the state to be a Christian, the faithful made use of signs and symbols to indicate sacred things and names they might not proclaim publicly. One of these symbols is the Greek letter X (pronounced *kee*, or *ki*), which is equivalent to CH in Latin and English. Since X is a cross in form, and is, moreover, the first letter of the Greek word XPISTOS (Latin, *Christus*; English, *Christ*, meaning the Anointed one), it is not difficult to surmise why X should have been chosen as the symbol to represent *Christ*. With this in mind, we see no reason why *Xmas* for *Christmas* should prove a stumblingblock.

We find a similar instance in the closing of letters. Among the clergy, and with many others who are also familiar with Latin, it is quite a common practice to close letters with the phrase, "Yours in *Xto*." We write *Xto*, but pronounce it *Christo*, not *ex-to*. Why not abbreviate *Xmas* and pronounce it *Christmas*?

MERRY XMAS TO ALL!

The Three Christmas Masses

It has long been the custom of the Church to permit her priests to offer up three Masses on Christmas. Only in recent years has a similar privilege been granted for All Souls Day. The Christmas Masses are offered up in memory of the threefold birth of the Savior: His birth in the bosom of His Father from all eternity; then, His birth in time—when He was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger; and, finally, His birth in our hearts in Holy Communion. It is the ardent desire both of Our Savior and of His Church that the Eucharistic birth take place in our hearts frequently, every day if possible. Who of us frail mortals can comprehend the love which prompts Jesus to come to take up His abode in our sin-laden hearts.

Advent and Christmas!

The Church has appointed the four weeks immediately preceding Christmas as a time of penance and prayer in preparation for the holy feast of the Nativity of Our Divine Savior. In her liturgy she shows forth the spirit of penance by silencing the organ, which otherwise, except in Lent, accompanies her chant and sacred song; by donning for her sacred functions violet, the color used in penitential seasons. Then, too, her daily liturgical chant, the Divine Office, urges to penance and prayer.

At this holy season we should enter into the spirit of the Church, curb our passions, restrain the motions of anger, perform acts of humility, so as to conquer our inborn spirit of pride, hold our scolding and fault-finding tongues, mortify the palate, which is always hankering after the things that are pleasing to the taste. Moreover, there are virtues to be acquired, acts of charity to be practiced, deeds of kindness to be performed. Each one's own good judgment will suggest to him how he should enter into the spirit of the Church and regulate his actions accordingly.

Are Only Catholics Saved?

Outside the pale of the Church there are many who believe and assert that the Catholic Church teaches that only Catholics will be saved, that, according to the mind of the Church, Protestants have no chance. This is not the teaching of the Church. Her enemies, whether maliciously, or ignorantly, (or both ignorantly and maliciously), impute this false doctrine to her.

If, then, this opinion is erroneous, and we affirm most positively that it is, what does the Church teach on this point? What does she mean when she says that outside the Church there is no salvation? She means exactly what Our Divine Savior taught when He said to Nicodemus (John 3:5): "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." As there is only one baptism, according to St. Paul (Eph. 4:5), who says: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," all who are really baptized, it

matters not by whom, are members of the Church of Christ. Since there is only one baptism, all who are properly baptized *outside the Church* belong to the soul of the Church.

The following excerpt, which we take from a contemporary, will help to clear up this matter:

"The Catholic Church has always taught, and always will so teach, that everyone is obliged to belong to the Church of Christ. She claims to be that Church.... But here is the difficulty; here are the grounds for contention that all not actually belonging to her will lose their soul. There is nothing in the objection, for she does not hold that all Protestants and those belonging to other forms of religion are to be condemned to eternal torments. What the Catholic Church teaches is this: The existence of an imperative obligation to become members of the Church of Christ; hence people must make a reasonable search for it, and when they are satisfied they have found it, must attach themselves thereto. It may happen that thousands are mistaken through ignorance, prejudice, and the like. *If they are honest in their convictions*, God will accept their good faith, and if, in addition to this faith, *they lead good lives*, they will save their souls."

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

PREPARE THYSELF!

As of old the Prophets, inspired of God, unburdened themselves in that oft-reiterated refrain of preparation for the coming event of the Savior's birth, so does the holy liturgy recall to our minds the solemn hush of expectancy that enveloped the world before the days of Christ. *Prepare thyself!* This is the marrow of the liturgy's lesson during the holy season of Advent. And it is with good reason that we take it upon ourselves to make preparation for so exalted a feast as that of Christmas. For if we want to get all out of Christmas that Christmas holds for every faithful soul we must prepare the way of the Lord in our own heart. This is an individual undertaking which we can not successfully leave to the initiative of the "other fellow." The Incarnation of Christ must be celebrated in us. We read in spiritual writings that where God is, there is heaven. But Holy Scripture says to us: "The kingdom of heaven is *within you*." God must dwell in our heart in order that heaven may be within us, and this indwelling of the Divinity is celebrated principally by the beautiful feast of Christmas.

A FAMILY FEAST

It is at this season of the year, then, that we feel the nearness of God to us. He has spanned the great gulf that separated Him from the human race from the beginning of time. not by lessening His dignity, but by condescending in His mercy and love—because it is His

delight to be among the children of men. He deigned to be born into a human family—the Holy Family of Nazareth. Far, far back in the ages of the earth, when Eden was yet verdant and lovely as the artful masterpiece of the hand of God, He had hallowed the family as His own production. The first family was, in the plan of God, to have served as a pattern for later generations, but, alas! sin came between God and His handiwork; sin marred and disfigured the purity and stability of the family. Nevertheless, God intrusted to the family some visible portion of His creative power, so that children, formed after the likeness of God, might be born of it. Then after thousands of years He deigned to reinstate the family in its original sacred position by the Incarnation of His Only-begotten Son. Therefore, Christmas is in very truth a family feast. Let all Catholic families regard it as such—as a feast commemorative of the founding of that Family whose lofty example should be the sweetest inspiration of every individual in every family under the wide expanse of heaven.

First, prepare your dwelling; then, receive Jesus into it as your Guest.

The Foes

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

12. The Fall of Bethsur

How high soe'er a cliff o'erfrown the sea,
So high avails the waves' tumultuous race
To fling their wind-lashed spray in phrenesy,
While battering amain the granite base.

Nor could Bethsur, set on the southern crest
Of Juda, bide unmoved when Syrian hordes
That fort assailed and battered without rest.
Would not their rams shiver the portal's wards?

Cried great Judas:—"No storming avails
To reduce our Bethsur,—yet if fails
Food provision, then, aye, my heart quails
For the garrison's growing distress!

"Twenty men in the pitch of the night
Shall defile all along mountain-height
With stout rations to ease their hard plight
And refit them for deeds of prowess!"

Thus Judas' care from famine did preserve
The stalwarts of Bethsur,—till Rodocus,
False Jew, the Syrian cause did serve
And told how Judas relieved the *blocus*.

By vengeful steel he died, yet Bethsur fell,
Surrendered by its haggard garrison;—
Thus the brave show of virtue sin doth quell:
One craven heart can stay God's benison!

This is My Body

Thou hast the words of eternal life.—John 6:69

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

MASS was over. Allen loitered about the church premises when Father Gilbert espied him from his study.

"Ed, I shall be forced to post a sign: 'No loafing aloud'" the priest called out through the window.

"Won't you make any exception, Father?" the young man retorted amid mirthful laughter.

"No exceptions, but I am willing to invite you in," the pastor responded in a tone of welcome.

"That's fair enough," came back the jubilant reply.

Allen was soon seated at the side of Father Gilbert. Fishing around in his inner coat pocket, he brought forth his pocket missal as usual.

"Your eye looks encouraging," he said with an inquiring gaze. "Hence I am coming to my point. Won't you please give me a little explanation of the consecration of the Mass?"

"Well, to explain something we need the something. Let us have the consecration prayers."

"That's easy, Father. I am ready with it for you. Listen to this:

"Who the day before He suffered took bread into His holy and venerable hands and with eyes lifted up toward heaven unto Thee, O God, His almighty Father giving thanks to Thee did bless † and break and give unto His disciples saying: Take ye all of this:

FOR THIS IS MY BODY.'"

"And now where is your difficulty?"

"Whilst I haven't the least doubt about the Church's teaching, yet the thought occurred to me that this prayer reads like the narration of what has already happened and says nothing of what's going to happen."

"Aha!" ejaculated Father Gilbert with a frown. "You have turned into a would-be-philosopher. Remember the priest takes the rôle

of Christ here. Whilst he truly consecrates, yet the principal priest is Jesus Christ so that the person of the minister almost hides from our sight. Christ borrows the priest's lips, as it were, and through the latter pronounces the words of consecration. The celebrating priest, therefore, does not speak merely historically—recounting only a gospel event, but effectively—intending to do that very thing which the words signify and what Jesus meant to do and really did at the Last Supper. Hence, to meet your difficulty squarely, I might say that the first part is more of an introductory and nar-



THIS IS MY BODY

rative character, whilst the last part forms the essence of the consecration."

"The light begins to dawn upon me, Father," Allen remarked, wrinkling his brow and further scrutinizing the form of the consecration. "Isn't that a beautiful allusion to the Last Supper and to the Passion?"

"Well, the references are called for," the pastor stressed. "The three sacrifices are essentially the same. The expression, 'who on the day before He suffered,' says a great deal: at the moment when His mind was engaged with the thought of His Sacrifice, when Judas was devising his treachery, when the synagogue was plotting His ruin, when the justice of God had set a limit to the time of expectation, etc. Thus you see how close the connection is between the Last Supper and Christ's death on Calvary. The Mass is essentially a memorial of the Passion: 'As often as you shall eat this bread and drink this chalice you shall announce the death of the Lord until He come.'"

"I have it, Father," Allen said approvingly, but why should Christ raise His eyes to heaven?"

"Well," drawled Father Gilbert, "the Evangelists do not relate that our Lord actually raised His eyes to heaven in the act of consecration but the statement here used is based on apostolic tradition. The clause may have been introduced into the form of consecration through a reminiscence of that scene that was clearly prophetic of the Holy Eucharist, namely, of the multiplication of the loaves. The Gospels expressly state that Christ looked up to heaven when He blessed the bread before He fed the multitude in the desert. Apparently Christ looked up to heaven when He blessed an object. No doubt He wished to stress the truth expressed by St. James that 'every good gift cometh from above from the Father of light.'"

"Father, I don't see the need," the inquirer argued, "of thanking, and blessing, and breaking."

"You are always finding a stumblingblock," Father Gilbert chided. "Now, thanksgiving refers to God while blessing has reference to the object consecrated; thanksgiving implies appreciation for what God has already granted, blessing signifies an invocation pronounced over the Eucharistic elements. The breaking is

necessary so as to make the distribution possible."

Father Gilbert was just about to make some entries into one of his registers. Unwittingly he reached for his handkerchief to wipe his fingers. Allen smiled. The priest understood and resumed the conversation: "My own action reminds me of a circumstance of the consecration."

"What's that?" the young man queried quite impulsively.

"Why, before the celebrant begins the form of consecration he wipes the tips of his thumbs and index fingers."

"Oh, yes, I now recall seeing you do that at Mass, but why?"

"Here's the 'why,'" the pastor rejoined quickly: "The finger tips might possibly be moist. Yet there is a deeper reason: the officiating priest is by this ceremony reminded of the spotless purity that should be his at this most awful moment. Twice before have those hands been cleansed: once previously to the vesting of the priest in the sacristy and the second time at the 'lavabo' after the offertory. 'The hands which so often touch the Creator,' says the Imitation of Christ, 'ought to be pure and frequently raised to heaven.'"

"Father, how could I answer my Protestant friend, John Dayer, who maintains that Christ wished to say: 'This means My body'?"

"Give him," Father Gilbert urged, "Cardinal Wiseman's answer: 'Had Christ wished to imply: "This means my body," He could have found about forty synonyms to express: means, denotes, signifies, symbolizes, etc.' Christ was teaching an important truth and had to be plain in His expressions. Hence we owe it to Christ to take Him strictly by His word."

Allen nodded with a sign of approval. The priest continued: "You might be pleased to know that the Greeks, in order to manifest their unwavering faith in the consecration, respond immediately after its conclusion: 'Amen, amen, amen—it is so, it is so, it is so!'"

"Bravo! I feel like doing this myself."

"Halt a minute. You are not free to disturb the peace, to make innovations. But listen further. If you turn to Maundy Thursday in your missal you will find a variation of the form of consecration. Have you never been struck

by the celebrant's promptness in manifesting his faith?"

"How's that?"

"What about the genuflection? As soon as the priest has concluded one consecration he drops to his knee to adore. He says, as it were: 'I believe, O Lord, that in consequence of my words of consecration Thou art indeed here present on the altar, true God and true man with Thy body and Thy blood, with Thy soul and Thy Divinity.' Of course, I admit that this genuflection is first attested to in the year fifteen hundred and was not prescribed until Pope Pius V reformed the missal in the sixteenth century. The Carthusians even to-day make only a bow."

"Well, Father," Allen ventured again, "since you mentioned the genuflection, I am naturally reminded of the elevation of the Sacred Host."

"I wanted that very question to come," the priest assured. "The elevation is to bring the sacramental Christ before the eyes of the faithful so that they may greet Him with acts of faith and devotion."

"What should their greeting be, Father?"

"In the first place, let them look at the Sacred Host. The rubric in the missal directs the priest to *show It to the people*. Before the Reformation, the people, particularly in England, spoke of assistance at Mass as 'seeing God' or 'seeing Jesus.' People imagined that they had missed Mass if they had not seen the Sacred Host at the elevation. Hence, one of the English assailants of the Mass maintained that at the moment of the elevation men would jostle their neighbors in their eagerness to look on the Holy Sacrament, on the plea that they 'could not be happy unless they had seen the Lord on that day.'"

"Oh, that's so long ago, Father," Allen objected.

"Very well, let us come down to our own times," Father Gilbert yielded. "In 1907 Pope Pius X granted to the faithful an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, i. e., seven times forty days, each time they devoutly look on the Sacred Host at the moment of the elevation and say fervently: 'My Lord and My God!' As soon as we have seen the Sacred Host, we should modestly bow our heads until the consecration of the chalice. Hence it is not

quite in order to keep our heads bent throughout the whole consecration. According to Cochem Our Lord revealed to one of His saints: 'As often as anyone looks in devout adoration at the Sacred Host, or, being unable, wishes he could do so, his reward in heaven is increased and he is admitted to a special degree of bliss in the enjoyment of the beatific vision. Just think how the Jews were healed from the bites of the venomous serpents by looking at the brazen serpent on the staff erected by Moses. How much more will the pious looking at Christ Himself in Holy Mass heal the souls suffering from the fatal poison of sin, console the afflicted, and strengthen the faint-hearted! However, it is true that at one time the rubrics prescribed that at the elevation of the body of Christ the people should prostrate to the ground and worship upon their faces until the Pater Noster.'"

"But, Father, some people strike their breast during the elevation," Allen again interposed.

"Yes, I know." Father Gilbert consented. "According to an old practice they strike their breast thrice whilst they say: 'Jesus, I live for Thee; Jesus, I die for Thee; Jesus, Thine I am, in life and in death.' Although this custom is praiseworthy, yet it would seem more laudable to take the Holy Father's hint."

"Father, you said that the genuflection of the priest was of recent date, is the same true of the elevation?"

"Yes." Father Gilbert granted, "here too there has been a development. Until the twelfth century the only elevation was that which is now called the 'little elevation,' that is, the one which is hardly noticeable and is made immediately before the *Pater Noster* at the words of the canon: 'All honor and glory.' The Greek liturgies place the elevation of the host just before Communion. One reason might be because the altar was hidden by a curtain up to the time for Communion. The introduction of our present elevation of the Host is said to have been a solemn protest against the heresiarch Berengarius who denied the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist. The custom seems to have begun about the year 1100. Then too for a time there existed a controversy as to the exact moment when the transubstantiation (or change from bread to the Body of Christ) of the bread took place. Some held that the Host

was not consecrated till the Precious Blood was present in the chalice. Hence, to express faith in the immediate consecration, a genuflection was made and the Host was elevated for adoration even before the consecration of the wine."

"Father," Allen remarked, "what I like about the elevation is that it reminds one so much of Calvary."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Father Gilbert enthusiastically. "That's the very thing which sacred writers like to impress upon us. Besides, the Savior said of Calvary: 'And if I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all things to Myself.' In the Mass the Savior is lifted up to draw us to Himself and to call down upon us mercy and forgiveness as He did on Calvary."

At this juncture Allen's face began to brighten. With a smile he burst out: "Father, one thing I used to like at the elevation was to hold your vestment and ring the bell."

"Yes, at the elevation the deacon or the server raises the extremity of the chasuble of the celebrant. Nowadays there is hardly any longer a reason for this custom. Formerly, however, the chasubles were so large that they covered the whole body of the priest so that it was difficult for him to raise his arms unless assisted by the minister who facilitated the celebrant's movements by lifting the vestment."

"As to the ringing of the bell, the practice dates back to the introduction of the elevation. The bell is called the 'Sacrificing Bell' and its purpose is to call the people's attention quite forcibly to the altar and to the elevation of the Sacred Species. The rubric prescribes that the bell be rung thrice or continuously during the two elevations. Thus, you see that a certain regulation is to be followed; the matter is not to be left to the discretion or indiscretion of the altar boys, some of whom take the least provocation as a sign to ring the bell."

Allen chuckled. "I am reminded again of olden times," he exclaimed. Father Gilbert shook his finger at him.

"What about the bell in the tower?" the young man asked further.

"In Catholic regions the bell in the steeple was, and is still, rung so that those who are not at church but engaged in their household work, or on the fields, etc., might be informed

of the supreme moment of the Mass and pause for a brief prayer. The statues of some of the religious of the twelfth century, the Carthusians, for example, the Camaldolese, and the Premonstratensians, prescribe that all those who were in their cells, in the enclosure of their hermitage, or outside their cells and heard this bell should kneel wherever they conveniently could to pray and adore God as long as the bell rang. I assure you, Ed, I have often been edified to observe crews of stone masons bare their heads and give a few moments to prayer when the bell in the church tower announced the moment of the consecration of the Mass."

The young man became very serious at the last remark, "for," said he, "I didn't think people of this day did such things."

"Indeed they do," Father Gilbert assured. "Then think, too, how many sick persons may derive cheer from the sound of the elevation bell. One thing more," he added, "in some churches an extra candle is lit, out of respect for the Real Presence, and is not extinguished till after Holy Communion. At High Mass some servers act as torch bearers for the same reason. This usage seems to go back to the thirteenth century when the people were most eager to see the Sacred Species. The light helped them to get a better view of the Sacred Host and Chalice. Then at a solemn High Mass the thurifer or subdeacon incenses the Body and Blood of Christ during the elevation. Again the incensation takes place on the epistle side so as not to obstruct the view of the Sacred Species."

(Continued on page 377)

The Infant Jesus

ELIZABETH VOSS

There is a love and trust in Him;
In baby faith, His tiny hands
Cling to the mother, Mary. His eyes
Search for the love each babe demands.

And now the sweet eyes plead with us
On Christmas morn. He asks us only
To give to Him a loyal heart—
The Little Brother to the lonely.

Oh, for the touch of His dear hands,
And from His lips, blessings eternal;
Who would not love the Holy Babe,
And glory in His love supernal?

The Allison's Christmas Gift

FLORENA A. HAYLER

"I WISH I were dead! Maybe you wouldn't be so stingy with your second wife!" Bess Allison dabbed her big, blue eyes with her bit of lace handkerchief.

"Why be silly?" answered her tall, broad-shouldered, handsome husband as he wriggled into his overcoat, "You know if I had the money—"

"You do have it! You won't spend it, that's all!" the tip of Bess' little slipper traced the pattern of the Persian rug under her feet, "You just don't love me or—"

"You know better," Bob bent to kiss his wife's flushed cheek. "Listen, dear, I need every cent I can get hold of to put over the Wilshire deal. If I win you shall have the fur coat, otherwise—"

"Don't say it!" Bess interrupted. "It's always something! You're forever just about to do something big!" she bit her words. "Look at Ralph Mason! He's giving Luella a Kent roadster for Christmas; it's to cost thirty-eight hundred dollars!"

"Yeah?" drawled Bob, "Ralph's head of a corporation that deals in millions. If I—"

"And to think I might—might have married him!" gulped Bess.

Bob was drawing on a shabby pair of gloves. A peculiar twinkle lighted his gray eyes.

"If you hadn't preferred love in a cottage with me, eh?" he teased.

"If I hadn't been foolish!" Bess flung out; then trembled at her own hard words; but the door had slammed behind Bob.

She was glad he hadn't heard and went to her accustomed place at the window to wave her good-by to Bob as she always did just before he swung himself up onto the car that carried him to his office.

Ten years before, when Bess Hawley and Bob Allison had married, their friends felt sorry for Bob, for he was a poor boy working himself up in a moderately successful business, while Bess was the only daughter of parents with million-dollar tastes and middle-class pocketbook. The family always spent just a

little more than Jim Hawley earned and, when he suddenly passed on, the wife and daughter were left not only penniless but burdened with debts. Almost over night Bess had been faced with the necessity of earning a living or taking a husband. She had chosen Bob Allison. Sometimes in blue moments Bess regretted her choice; but on more sober reflection she knew she would have married Bob if she'd been the wealthiest woman in the world and he had still wanted her.

She hadn't lived with Bob Allison ten years without coming to value the clean, wholesome, trustworthy man more than anyone she had ever known. She also knew Ralph Mason for the unscrupulous fop that he was and wouldn't have considered marrying him, if he'd been the last man on earth.

The Allison's had been happy too; Bob had built and furnished a comfortable little bungalow for his bride and Bess had made him a good wife. She did her own housework, made her own clothes, and cared for her flowers. They entertained their friends, and were entertained in return; Bob belonged to the Chamber of Commerce; and Bess was president of the Tracy Woman's Club.

Two things marred the otherwise even flow of their married life, however. Bess never had learned to keep her household and personal expenses within Bob's salary, and no children had come to fill their home with gay laughter and pleasant companionship. At first Bess insisted and Bob agreed they couldn't afford children; but after the newness and exquisite delight of their being together in this little home of their own began to wear off as it is bound to do, they became conscious of a lack of something, they couldn't tell what, in their lives—an incompleteness, a loneliness. They began to feel that perhaps a child might be what they were needing; but it seemed their desire was not to be fulfilled for no baby came to bless their union.

The more they thought about it, the more they longed for it and the greater became their disappointment in unrealized dreams.

As for her financial affairs, Bess gave little heed as long as the cash held out. When it was gone and bills kept coming in she went weeping to Bob. It was the same old story every month—plenty of money for a week or so, then "Mr. Graham surely made a mistake in his bill, Bob, why he charged me \$8.00 a yard for the old piece of velvet and I know it's cotton!" or, "Gus Schultz charged for top sirloin last week and it was round steak I bought!" and Bob with Bess' arms about his neck, and Bess' lips so near his own was helpless.

Somehow he produced the cash to meet all these extra expenses, and Bess after a year or two ceased to worry from what source it came. She believed Bob had more money than he led her to think and accordingly bought the things she wanted while Bob, utterly exhausted with trying to convince her as to their necessity for saving in time, gave up all discussion of business with her except when she herself brought it up as she had this morning.

Christmas time especially became an orgy of spending for Bess, and Christmas Day was not two weeks off. Last year she had spent thirty dollars for a silver-beaded bag for Madge Copley, an acquaintance of a few weeks, but a leader in the social set to which Bess aspired. To counterbalance that extravagance, she had come home from her shopping trip with a thirty cent handkerchief for Aunt Mary, her father's eldest sister and the one who, since Mrs. Hawley's death three years previous, had been a mother to Bess.

Bob had stormed when he saw Aunt Mary's gift.

"As if an old person can't appreciate something besides a handkerchief!" he sneered. "Aunt Mary has dozens of handkerchiefs given her each year!"

"But one can always use more," Bess had answered sweetly, feeling the beaded bag through its tissue wrappings. "I wanted to give her something practical."

But Bob was already at the telephone.

"Send half a dozen of your finest orchids to Mrs. Blakely on Center Street, and mail the bill to Bob Allison," he ordered.

"Orchids? They're a dollar apiece!" Bess gasped. "Talk about my extravagance! Aren't you the limit?"

"For once Aunt Mary shall have a gift not so practical!" and Bob had fled to his room to cool off.

Thus instead of a season filled with peace, and joy, and goodwill, Christmas to the Allisons was an event anticipated with dread, realized in agony of spirit, and terminated with actual relief.

In addition to the expensive gifts that she must shower upon her special friends, Bess always had some pet vanity of her own to be gratified at such times. Last year it was a real Chippendale fireside chair like Alice's Holden's, and now she was asking for a Silver Fox coat.

"Bob's more penurious every day," she poured out her grievance to Aunt Mary a half hour after the discussion that morning.

"What's the boy doing now, spending his money on some flapper?" Aunt Mary's little round black eyes sparkled.

"You can laugh; but he certainly doesn't care anything for me any more," and then in tears Bess explained what Bob had said about the new coat, and ended with "Just see the lovely clothes Phil Conkling buys Doris! He never refuses her anything."

"Yes, and how does he do it? By bootlegging. He was arrested for that very thing yesterday. I'll bet he never went without a new suit to buy his wife a tea wagon."

Bess opened wide her blue eyes.

"Listen, Bess, that's exactly what Bob did," Aunt Mary interpreted the expression. "He needs a suit badly. The one he had on Sunday is positively shiny."

"Why doesn't he buy it, then? He's no child to be told to look after his personal needs!" Bess became indignant.

"That's what I asked him, and what did he say? That he couldn't afford them. It was then I learned why he quit the golf club."

Tears still glistened in Bess's eyes; the lump in her throat was choking her.

Aunt Mary continued, "Where did the money go that he'd saved for that hunting trip? Into the dinner ring you bought!"

"Bob said he was afraid sleeping outdoors would increase his throat trouble," Bess commented huskily.

"'Twas to buy the over-stuffed set, he gave up going to his class reunion last Fall!" Aunt

Mary continued tapping the arms of her chair nervously, "Don't think he told me these things, for he didn't, but I wasn't born yesterday! And now here you are crying for a fur coat!"

Bess flushed scarlet. She wanted to deny all this, but couldn't.

"You don't think Bob really hasn't the money, do you?" she managed.

"How do you suppose on a salary of three hundred a month a man can stand the bills that pour into your house? I wonder how Bob's kept your heads above water. He couldn't, except by going without necessities that you might have luxuries!"

The corners of Bess' mouth twitched.

"I've been thinking of the Christmases your Uncle Will and I had during our early married life," Aunt Mary smiled reminiscently. "One year I had just twenty-five cents with which to buy presents for the family—your Uncle and the four children."

"Of course, you couldn't," Bess looked skeptical.

"Of course, I did! I bought each of them a five-cent candy fruit. We had an apple, a pear, an orange, a peach, and a banana." She laughed aloud; but Bess' face was grave.

"How about yourself?"

"I didn't expect anything, but Will had bought me two dahlia bulbs for my garden. I can't begin to tell you the happiness those dahlias gave all of us." Two crimson spots stained Aunt Mary's wrinkled cheeks. She gazed into the friendly fire, apparently unmindful of her niece's presence.

"Oh, how could I?" Bess saw it in a flush. "Just been so busy looking out for number one, I haven't considered Bob a moment! I—" she broke off and hid her face in her hands. Tears squeezed from between her burning lids and slid down her cheeks but this time they were tears of remorse. "Dear old Bob, always unselfish, always thoughtful of others! So he went without clothes to give me a tea wagon!" she groaned.

"Yes, he did, Bess, and listen! Do you know, I wouldn't care two straws for a Christmas present without the surprise!"

"What do you mean, surprise?"

"I don't want to know beforehand what any-

one's giving me for Christmas—the surmising and suspense is half the fun!"

This all seemed childish to Bess; but as she walked homeward she scarcely saw the dull houses, bare trees, and frozen road, scarcely noticed the creaking and crunching of wet, packed snow under her feet. She was planning an entirely different Christmas.

The night of December twenty-fourth she prepared the kind of dinner Bob and Aunt Mary liked best—scalloped potatoes, savory with their covering of juicy pork chops; light brown biscuits, piping hot; mealy, baked squash; appetizing avocado salad with French dressing; topped off with Maple mousse served with squares of fluffy sponge cake.

A cheerful fire snapped and crackled in the fireplace, and cast wierd shadows on the walls and floor of the dining room; but when at the sound of Bob's footstep on the porch, Bess snapped on the light, its rich glow threw a gleam over the cut glass and china of the table service and revealed the dear little form and snow-white hair of Aunt Mary, comfortably rocking before the fireplace.

Bess ran to the door just as Bob swung it open and, whistling like a school boy, burst into the hall. In a twinkling he had seized Bess in his arms, whirled her through the hall, waltzed her twice around the dining room, and, panting and laughing, seated her beside Aunt Mary. Then he gave them each a kiss and exclaimed, "I've landed it, I really have!"

"Not the Wilshire contract?" Bess could scarcely believe her ears, while Aunt Mary stared in wonderment.

"Yep, signed 'em up to take our entire output of ditchers for ten years! As I'm responsible for landing it, and it'll mean thousands of dollars to our company, I've been advanced to the vice-presidency!" Bob gave Bess a vigorous squeeze. "Now what do you say of your old stick-in-the-mud? Why, Bess, you can sport a dozen fur coats now!"

Suddenly the fur coat looked very cheap and silly to Bess.

"I don't want it, dear," she twisted the wavy lock of brown hair that in spite of constant brushings persisted in falling across Bob's forehead, "I'd much rather you'd give me something

I'm not expecting—something you chose for me yourself."

"Ain't that like a woman?" was Bob's inelegant reply. "Well, let's eat. I'm starving!"

After dinner they went into the living room where a tall, graceful pine, glistening with tinsel and strings of colored lights stood beside the mantel. Bess had always contended a Christmas tree was only for children; but every year Bob had insisted upon having one. This year Bess, too, had entered into the decorating of it whole-heartedly, and had laughed and chatted about each mysterious package that went onto it.

"Now you children shouldn't have spent so much on me!" Aunt Mary shook an accusing finger, but her face showed her pleasure, when she opened a box to find within a shimmery, gray silk crepe dress with real lace collar and cuffs.

"It's all right," Bess assured her, "You and Bob didn't know it, but I've been doing china painting for Sloan's Art Shop, and your gifts were bought with money I earned." Bob and Aunt Mary both looked their surprise.

And Bob was even more astonished upon opening his package from Bess to find a new suit of best quality tweed, stylish in cut.

"But, honey, I won't let you—" he began; but Bess interrupted,

"Now, now, I guess I'll spend my own money as I please!" she rubbed her cheek against his sleeve; and his arm went about her as she unwrapped a curiously-shaped package bearing his card.

"For evermore, what the—" she broke off, and waved in her hand a gleaming aluminum double boiler, "Bob Allison, you old darling!" she jumped up to throw her arms about her husband's neck, the shining boiler reflecting rays of light in every direction. "We'll have oatmeal for breakfast!" she promised.

"You see," Bob explained to Aunt Mary's bewildered look, "This girl's been saying she couldn't cook a lot of things I like because she hadn't a double boiler. I thought now that I was vice-president I might indulge myself."

If Bess felt the least little twinge of disappointment in Bob's gift she displayed unusual deftness in concealing it. Later that evening, after she and Bob returned from having taken

Aunt Mary home, she picked up the boiler again and flourished it proudly.

"You couldn't have given me a nicer present, dear," she told her husband, "nor one I less expected."

Bob's eyes twinkled with a strange light as Bess lifted the lid of the cooker for the first time and peeped within. Instantly her face blanched, her hands trembled, she raised startled eyes to his.

"Bob!" was all she said, but she held out to him the check of \$500 he had placed there.

"If it isn't enough, you can have more," Bob whispered catching her to him. "I didn't know just what a fur coat would cost!"

"Well, it's lovely, dear, of you to do it!" gasped Bess, "but you can put it back in the bank to-morrow, for I honestly don't care for fur coats!"

"But I—" A sharp ring of the doorbell cut short Bob's answer, while Bess went to the door.

A moment later she was exclaiming over a fine, healthy baby boy the matron from the children's home had brought the Allison's for Christmas. "You've said you'd like to adopt a child," explained Miss Weston, "and I thought maybe you'd like a baby for a Christmas gift."

(Continued on page 364)

The Inn of the Heart

EDITH TATUM

No room at the Inn
On that far distant day,
So, Joseph and Mary
Turned sadly away.

Weary and hungry
With no place to rest,
And under her heart
That heavenly Guest.

His birth was approaching
And day had grown dim—
There in a stable
She suffered for Him.

Again He is coming,
He will knock at your door—
"No room at the Inn"?
Ah, say it no more!

In Nazareth To-day

M. CONDON

WE are spinning along on a fine modern road across the level land of Esdrelon, bound directly north for the Lebanon hills, which, stretching east and west, form the northern wall of the plain. Roughly the Plain of Esdrelon has the form, and even the lie, of a map of Italy.

We are running from a place called Djenin at the toe, where according to a Palestinian tradition, the ten lepers were healed by Our Blessed Lord. Over to our right, northeast, huddled at the foot of a mountain, is the little grey city of Sulam or Sunam. It is all modesty and peace in the rich green frame of Galilean landscape. It was the country of the virgin Abisag and of the Spouse in the Canticle.

Over against us, directly north, nestling among the mountain summits, you discern the whiteness of Nazareth, the lowly home of our own Blessed Sunamite. Here and there on the plain you have Jewish colonies. Their red roofs remind one of "the piece taken from a new garment and agreeing not with the old."

We move on up to Nazareth, winding to its west over the giant hills. There were surely precipices enough from which to plunge the Master. The scenery that enchanted the eye of the Son of God is enchanting ours. The surroundings were congenial to the freshness of the clean boyish soul that once wandered, thinking among these brown hills and along these mountain paths. You cannot tire of looking back on the plain of Esdrelon below. Wide stretches of green fertile field. It was the great battleground of the ancient world, because it was the great highway connecting Egypt and the Eastern empires. A roundabout, but a level, way. On these fields He looked, thinking of the white harvest and of the laborers few. Greater Captain than Bonaparte, Kleber, or Junot who fought on this field of battle. He planned from the heights His campaign of centuries against the powers of darkness.

You drive into a small square, which is at the same time a motor car depot, at the southern extremity of the town. A very steep, cobble

paved street runs north, and you climb afoot, on a narrow sidewalk to Casa Nova, or the Franciscan hospice, at about the distance of one block above. The hospice is on your left, and across the way from it, or east, the group of buildings that you have come mainly to venerate.

En Nasirah, like Naples, is an amphitheatre of dwellings that run along the base and develop up to the north on the southern slope of Djebel es Sik or Nebi Sain. It is a town of brilliant and gay color about a mile and a half north of the point where the hills stop off abruptly above the plain of Esdrelon. Nazareth breathes near the clouds at some 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, and the height above the Mediterranean, of over 1,600 feet.

I found Nazareth a larger and more modern place than I expected. You must pick them out, yet you can still find houses built of stones against the side of a hillock or a mound, with flat roof and low doorway. You can still see the mud and straw cabin rounded off at the corners, with bulgings like those of a boiler.

Too much has been said that would be flattering to the women of Nazareth. I found them anything but inspiring to my devotion to the Mother of God. They are often blind of one eye, and are almost always filthy. Those I saw were probably all Moslems, but such are the women you meet carrying water from the Virgin's Fountain, on their heads, in tin cans called "tanakes," yet often enough, in the more picturesque brown earthen jars. The streets I noted were clean, even in the market quarter. A particularity are the narrow gutters sunk into the cobblestone paving, and just wide enough for a camel to walk in at his majestic ease.

Across the street, eastward, from Casa Nova is the sanctuary of the Annunciation. Leaving the street, you are in an outer court, and to your right, south, you enter by an iron gate onto an extensive terrace paved with large flags. A few seconds walking eastward will bring you to the façade of the church which

looks out across the terrace onto the small plain extending south of the city.

Looking over the parapet from the terrace you can see, and, if you want to be indiscreet, look onto the small Arab houses beneath. The church which, in more troubled times than ours (1730), it was necessary to erect hurriedly, is extremely simple in point of architecture. Something over sixty-six feet in length and fifty-one in width, it is divided into three naves by two rows of four square pillars each. The main altar is reached by two flights of a dozen marble steps that run up to it, one on the Epistle side and the other on the Gospel. Between these stairs, a series of fifteen broad marble steps lead down to the sacred spot where you worship the mystery that was accomplished at Nazareth.

The furnishings of the church are quite common; the sitting accommodations are scanty and rude. The paint colors are the ordinary blue and pink and yellow and gilt of commercialized art and statuary. Church building and church decorating are with the modern world a lost art, and here is no exception to the rule. The spirit hovering about the place is that of Lourdes and of Loretto. You can pray there, maybe, better than at Bethlehem. Yet here too the scandal of solitude and abandonment is sadening. *Assueta vilescunt*. It may be that the people are too poor, and cannot afford the time, and possibly they are so poor because they do not take the time.

From the fifteenth step of the marble stairway descending, you reach the "Chapel of the Angel." To this day a Palestinian, to economize material and yet add a room, will build his house in the mouth of a natural or artificial cavity. The Blessed Virgin's home, according to tradition, was such a combination of house and grotto.

In the "Chapel of the Angel" you think of, and honor the mystery of, Loretto. In the eastern portion and built against the southern wall is an altar to St. Joachim and St. Ann. Corresponding, in the western part, is an altar to the Archangel St. Gabriel. Each of these names suggests a whole treatise of sacred theology on which it is appropriate to ponder in this place.

Two steps more lead down into the grotto

which is about eighteen feet long and eight in width. It is dug out of the rock which, in the ceiling and in a recess of the eastern wall, is disclosed to view. Elsewhere the rock is overlaid with marble. The altar of the Annunciation is built against the northern wall. Beneath it, inscribed on a marble slab, are the words: "Hic Verbum Caro Factum Est," "Here the Word was made Flesh," and before them burn constantly sanctuary lamps of silver.

To your left, hanging dangerously, it would seem, from the ceiling, is the shaft of a porphyry column that once helped to support the ancient church across the naves of which the present small edifice is built. Another stump of column has been sunk into the ground beneath the hanging one to prevent you from striking against the strange stalactite in the obscurity of the grotto.

Popular fancy has named this awkward but venerable vestige of antiquity the "Column of the Virgin," and another, half-buried in a pillar slightly to the south, the "Column of the Angel," as if they marked the places where the actors in the Gospel scene stood respectively.

Just to the Epistle side of the altar you have access to another groto which originally formed but one with that of the Annunciation. An altar built back to back with that of the Annunciation is dedicated there to St. Joseph and to the mystery of his flight. Grottoes and grottoes that none can explain, multiply around this sanctuary and out beyond the Franciscan enclosure. The Dames of Nazareth will lead you through a labyrinth of grottoes, cisterns, and catacombal graves. The Sisters at one time claimed to have found the authentic Church of the Nutrition which the Franciscan Fathers for centuries have identified at a point about three hundred paces north east of the Annunciation. On the traditional site the Friars are just putting the finishing touches to a fairly large and neat chapel.

You may leave the Church of the Annunciation by a door in its western wall and find yourself in a rectangular inner court around which the fortress-like old convent of the brave Franciscans is solidly built. On reaching again the outer court, you find an Arab and his young wife lying in wait to beg of you importunately.

Alan's Daughter

A Story of Saxon People and Saxon Saints in England During the Eleventh Century

MARY AGATHA GRAY

CHAPTER XVI—THUNOR, HIS LEAP

EGBERT led his party along the old Roman road until they crossed the little Stour, then he guided them a little more to the south by less frequented paths that traversed wooded swamps and open marshes. And so they came to Eastry. Thunor had ridden on in advance to warn the household, and when they arrived at the palace, they found it illuminated with the light of many torches, for it was long past sundown. Alfrida was at the door to greet the royal ladies. Ermenburga smiled at her.

"You are Thunor's daughter?" she asked.

"Aye, Lady. It is the King's pleasure that I attend you," she said with a certain native dignity of her own.

The Queen glanced at Hereward, and wondered a little that Alfrida had not noticed him, but she was not blind to the flush upon her cheeks at the sound of his voice, nor the firm set of her lips in which she read courage and perseverance. But Milgytha was overweary and pulled at her hand so for the moment Ermenburga was constrained to give her attention to the child. Supper had been prepared for them and Egbert led them with scant ceremony to the table, placing his cousin upon his right hand and Milgytha on the other side of her mother, but he kept Mildred on his own left. Conversation flagged for the men were hungry, and the women too weary even to satisfy their hunger, and in a little while Ermenburga begged that they might be permitted to retire.

Egbert rose at once. "You are at home, Lady, and it is my pleasure that you do in all things as you list. Go with them, Lady Alfrida," he added courteously, and they went up the stairs together, the King standing at the foot until they had disappeared. Mildred was the last to go. She had scarcely spoken since they left Canterbury, and her eyes retained their rapt expression, as though she heard the holy Angels speaking to her and would fain listen. Egbert

bowed reverently as she passed him. Their eyes met for an instant and she smiled.

"God keep you, Cousin," she murmured and he felt that the salutation was a benediction.

When all the household had gone to rest, Thunor sought the King. He was scornful of the Queen's tame deer. "You are easily foiled, Egbert," he laughed. "A lady's smooth tongue and her tame deer, forsooth! Rank witchcraft, if the truth were known. A deer is a wild creature that will ever run from a man, not for him, or to gain his end."

"I suspect that the creatures are made wild by experience, Thunor; my cousin found this when it was but a fawn lost in the forest where its mother had been killed, and she brought it home with her and reared it. Is it any wonder that the creature follows her?"

"There are others besides the fawn who follow her," sneered Thunor.

Egbert was angry. "Enough, Thunor! See to it that my cousins and their beast are treated with courtesy and kindness. It is my will. In any case, we owe them more than that, seeing that they are come hither to confer pardon on us for our misdeed."

"Preserve me from Christian ways, Egbert, that will not suffer a man to take a present good for dread of a future evil."

"Peace, Thunor! we have already spoken of this, and it seems to me that you *know* very well, but choose rather not to do that which you know to be right."

"My will is my own, and I *will* not to do your will, if you like it better said in that way. Thunor has ever been a free man and he will never be less than free, nor would he humble himself to confess to any man. My sins upon my own head. I am content." And he turned roughly and strode from the hall leaving the King alone.

Egbert sighed impatiently. He wished very much for Thunor's conversion, but he saw plainly that words would only be wasted upon

him, and he sought his couch, for the hour was late and he was weary.

Ermenburga rested on the following day, taking advantage of the opportunity to make acquaintance with Alfrida, for her heart had already gone out to this desolate woman, who could scarcely have been said to have known a mother's love and care, and whose father was so frankly pagan. Alfrida did not complain but the Queen understood, and in her own kind way drew her story from her, but she did not speak of Hereward, nor did Thunor's daughter mention him either, and yet Ermenburga read between the lines that if she did not wed Hereward she would take no other man.

Ermenburga had a mind to help the young man, if it were possible, for he had proved both worthy and faithful, but in the face of Thunor's steady refusal, and the obedience of Alfrida, she felt that it was not the time to say anything just then, and so she commended the affair to God, and to the prayers of Mildred.

Alfrida came near to tears when she told the Queen of Edith's dumbness, for the old woman had but recently died. And then she told of the youth Osway whom Egbert had sent to Hwicca with Hereward.

"Aye, child, he stayed there, for Egbert willed it so, but at the last it was difficult to persuade him, for he is very much attached to Hereward and the separation was painful to him."

"He seems gentle and harmless, but I have doubted his seeming simplicity at times, for he is both watchful and cunning, and he loves not my father."

"It was for that that Egbert sent him away. He will be happy in the woods at Wenlock. He struck up a friendship with Alan the Scot and they both seemed happy together. Alan is old but he has a child's soul, and loves all weak and helpless creatures. He will take care of Osway in his own way." She glanced up as she finished speaking and the expression on Alfrida's face startled her. Where had she seen just such an expression before? She could not recall it just then, and she realized with a sort of shock that there was a strong likeness to someone whom she had known, and there her memory failed her, and she fell to wondering if Alfrida's mother had met her somewhere, long ago.

The next day was bright and balmy, the very day for a long ride in the awakening country. The violets proclaimed their presence from every sheltered nook, here and there the primroses began to show their tender, yellowish-green buds, or a pale open flower peeped from some mossy bank. Ermenburga took deep breaths of the sweet air, it was home, home at last, home after the years of exile, and then, remembering Merwald, her heart smote her until she remembered that it was God's will for them both, and that Merwald was content. And she lifted her heart to God in mingled sorrow and joy; yet the joy came first, and outlasted the sorrow, for a soul that loves the Creator cannot grieve for ever in the springtime when the soft breezes, and the sunshine, and the budding trees tell of the goodness of God, and whisper of the resurrection to come.

They rode first to Sandwich and took boat to Sheriff's Hope, for Thanet was really an island in those days and the sea ran between it and the mainland of Kent. At Sheriff's Hope they found fresh horses awaiting them, and no time was lost in mounting. Ermenburga's tame deer had followed her fearlessly and now, while she listened to the King, she bent from the saddle to stroke the little animal.

"I am ready, Cousin, do you direct the adventure," he said.

She laughed softly, remembering his old desires for warlike renown. "It is no adventure, Cousin," she replied, "but so that we may not frighten the poor beast, do you ride by way of the Roman road, and I will meet you again by the cliffs at Westgate. I wish to start from that point."

"As you wish. I will ride on, for I would not mar your plan," and with a deep reverence and a little laugh of sheer lightness of heart, the King turned and rode in the direction she had indicated, making a sign to Thunor to follow him. They were both mounted on heavy charges, Thunor on a big black horse and the King on a bay. Ermenburga watched them ride away with a wistful thought of Alfrida, who had remained at Eastry with Mildred and Milgytha. But it was now the time for action and she put the thoughts from her and rode forward with but three attendants along the lynch. It was good going for the horses, being overgrown

with turf, and the deer ran before her as he was accustomed to do, stopping at the cross roads for a sign from her, and thus they came to Westgate, and found Egbert waiting there for her with Thunor. The thane's brow was black and lowering, all his plans were being brought to nothing, he had expected to make of the King a fool, and Egbert had put him in the wrong without using a word of reproach, and this smiling woman was forging new weapons against him and her very beauty and grace irritated him as he sat at Egbert's side chafing at the King's 'weakness,' his soul on fire with resentment that he did not dare to show.

Egbert turned back into the Roman road whence he could see everything that happened, and watch Ermenburga's deer at its task. Thunor had to follow the King in silence. The road was shorter than the lynch, which was an irregular and winding earthwork that had been made by some former inhabitants of the island, and Egbert was soon ahead of Ermenburga, therefore, when he reached the crossroads, he turned a little way up Dunstrete to the higher ground so that he might see better. It was just here that a great Crucifix had been erected by the piety of the people, as though to proclaim to all comers that the Lord Christ was the Lord of the whole island. Egbert doffed his cap and signed himself with the cross, renewing his offering of himself and his lands to God, in atonement for his sin. But Thunor raged, his anger had grown with repression; he broke now into curses, scoffing at the King and his religion, and berating him for a fool. His torrent of words was stayed suddenly by a shout from Egbert himself.

"See them, Thunor!" he cried, for Ermenburga and the deer were now in full sight. They turned a little to the West again along the lynch, and it was evident that they must presently arrive at Minster, and that therefore her deer would have won for her the fairer and larger half of the Isle of Thanet.

"I go to stop them," roared Thunor, "for, by Odin! I will not suffer yon white-faced witch to fool you thus." So saying he set spurs to his horse and rode furiously across country, intending to cut in and head them off.

With a little cry of alarm, Egbert started in pursuit. He rated Thunor as a madman just

then, and feared for the safety of his gentle cousin, if Thunor reached her first, and followed as swiftly as he could. But the faster he went, the faster went Thunor; their horses seemed to gather speed as they rode. In order that he might arrive before Ermenburga, Thunor left the road, and sped across the open spaces leaping all the obstacles in his path.

Egbert urged his horse to the uttermost, but in vain, nothing seemed able to match Thunor's mad rush, and then the King's horse began to flag, but the thane's kept on and at last the King drew rein for he had seen what Thunor had not. Screened by a clump of low bushes was the great chalk pit, and he was riding straight for it. He shouted a warning with all his strength but Thunor only looked back at him and laughed. When he saw the trap it was too late, his frenzied horse swept on and carried his rider to a hideous death a hundred feet below.

The King's horse stood still. It was the end. Nothing could save the wretched man now, no power could avail against the fate that he had courted, and Egbert rode forward slowly and dismounted at the edge of the pit where he peered into the depths below. It seemed to him that he could see a confused heap lying huddled under a bush, but all was still.

And then Hereward arrived in haste, for he had seen Thunor's rush, and fearing that he intended some mischief to the Queen, he had followed swiftly by another way so as to be at hand in case of need.

"I will go down, Egbert," he said gravely, "no power on earth could have saved him. Go to the Queen, she will be waiting for you by now, and someone must go and tell the Lady Alfrida," he added.

The King nodded. "I little thought of such an ending," he said, and looked down pitifully upon the ghastly heap below.

Hereward threw the reins of his horse over a bush. "Hasten to the Queen, Egbert," he said, "and send a couple of men to help me. It might be better to bury him here where he fell," he added, with a thought for Alfrida.

"It is scarcely possible that he still lives," suggested Egbert with a shudder.

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him, and he sought his couch, for the hour was late and he was weary.

Ermenburga rested on the following day, taking advantage of the opportunity to make acquaintance with Alfrida, for her heart had already gone out to this desolate woman, who could scarcely have been said to have known a mother's love and care, and whose father was so frankly pagan. Alfrida did not complain but the Queen understood, and in her own kind way drew her story from her, but she did not speak of Hereward, nor did Thunor's daughter mention him either, and yet Ermenburga read between the lines that if she did not wed Hereward she would take no other man.

Ermenburga had a mind to help the young man, if it were possible, for he had proved both worthy and faithful, but in the face of Thunor's steady refusal, and the obedience of Alfrida, she felt that it was not the time to say anything just then, and so she commended the affair to God, and to the prayers of Mildred.

Alfrida came near to tears when she told the Queen of Edith's dumbness, for the old woman had but recently died. And then she told of the youth Osway whom Egbert had sent to Hwicca with Hereward.

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"It is scarcely possible that he still lives," suggested Egbert with a shudder.

"Nay, if he lives, it is because the devil is dead," returned Hereward gruffly.

"Peace, Hereward. If he is dead, his evil is all done."

"You do well to remind me of it. When I saw his rush, I was sure that he intended some harm to the Queen, but by the mercy of God he failed in that."

"Aye, and he was but a pagan, Hereward," said the King as he rode away.

He found Ermenburga waiting for him at Sheriff's Hope and greeted her so soberly that she looked puzzled.

"You do not regret your gift?" she said.

"Nay, I am glad of it, and I confirm my grant of the land your deer has won for the sake of the Lord Christ. And I will have a fair record of the gift prepared, and deposited with the Archbishop," he returned.

"And, will you appoint me to be abbess of this monastery until Mildred is of age to rule there. Fear not, it is with Merwald's consent that I make this suit also."

"This also is granted, my Cousin," he returned, and marvelled at her goodness and generosity.

The Queen's brow cleared, and yet she was conscious of something in his bearing that she could not understand. She waited.

"I come from a death, and a judgment, Cousin," he said, and he told her of Thunor's mad leap and sudden death.

"Alack, poor soul!" she cried, "he fought against God, and God conquered him. The manner of his taking is very terrible, and yet even in that moment it may be that he turned to the God whom he had insulted and defied. Who knows the mystery of death?"

"I pray God he repented, but his time was very short. His terror must have been a fearful thing. God save us and those we love from such a death!"

"Amen," she murmured, and then, "Who will tell the Lady Alfrida? God soften the blow to her, sweet soul. It seems to me that she cares for Hereward," she added musingly.

"Nay, Cousin, there you are mistaken. She has refused to marry him several times, to my certain knowledge."

"Because her father forbade her, but I tell you, Egbert, that she loves him, although she has not told me so. I am a woman and I can see."

"You have discovered it very quickly Ermenburga. Well, her father cannot forbid her now, and it may be that Hereward can console her after a while."

"Maybe," sighed the Queen as she stepped into the boat that was to convey them back to Sandwich.

The day had begun to fade and out of the east came the low wailing of an approaching storm. The sky that had been so clear was veiled in grey clouds and the waters of the Wantsum began to be troubled. "It is like life," sighed Ermenburga, "in the morning it is fair, the sun shines, the breezes are soft and balmy, flowers spring up under the feet, and then comes the storm that destroys all the peace of the day."

"That is like death."

"Nay, Egbert, death is like the peace after the storm. When the ship has been tossed hither and thither on the wild waters it creeps into the harbor for shelter. That is like death, the coming to a sure anchorage at the end."

"Ships are lost sometimes, Cousin; lives go out in the darkness." He had nearly said 'like Thunor's,' but he stopped suddenly and crossed himself, "God forgive the thought," he said quietly.

"Aye, judge not, Egbert, but rather let us pray for the poor soul that has passed. It was very dark for him, Egbert, he had not the gift of the true Faith."

He did not answer her; he remembered Thunor's own words on the previous night. The wind was still rising, and the little boat rocked upon the waters but they came safely to Sandwich, and he handed the Queen ashore with a sigh of relief. He wanted to get back to Eastry, first for the safety of Ermenburga, but also because he wanted to arrive there before others had carried the story of the day's tragedy to Alfrida. It was an immense relief that the Queen had herself volunteered to break the woe-ful news to Thunor's daughter, and he was filled with compassion for her thus left alone in the world.

(To be continued)

The Holy Eucharist, like a ferret, drives forth sin from its lurking places in the souls of men.

One Sure Thing

MAURICE V. BOCHICCHIO

THERE was something delightfully old-fashioned about Christmastime which put you in a cheery mood even though it was the hour when you should be having lunch instead of appearing courteous before a stream of morning shoppers that tracked wet snow into a little toy store on Twenty-third street. People came in with piles of soaked packages and oddly shaped bundles and still found room for a few more articles before they left.

Behind the toy laden counter, Leah Kennedy smiled. It was Wednesday, the day before Christmas. You had to have patience for their brusqueness or natural timidity in buying playthings for those younger than themselves. Over there a man scowled in turn at a set of ten pins and a tool chest; here a woman stroked a stuffed Persian cat that purred at the caress.

Now a kindly lady came up to inquire what a girl of five years would like best. Leah looked confusedly around her at the colorful array. There were dolls with pink faces, rockers, carriages, china tea sets, kitchen cabinets, doll houses, and an endless collection of games. She passed by an upright piano and bench for a doll sleeping in a white crib, which she thought symbolic of Christmas. The kindly lady was pleased. Could it be delivered to-day? Yes, before the shop closed.

Leah reached for her pad and pencil. "The name, please?"

"Mrs. Mary Shannon," the kindly lady said, giving a near-by address.

She looked up. "Oh, you are David's mother?"

"Yes. He told me to come here. I had to find something for my little neighbor, Eleanor. She keeps an old woman from being lonely all day." She smiled over the counter at the girl in her plain tweed dress. "David has spoken of you. He said he asked you to have Christmas dinner with us but you refused. Won't you try to come?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Shannon, but I've made plans. Some other time, though. Thank you."

At the cash register Mr. Ferris, the pro-

prietor, was tapping insistently for her attention. Two customers were waiting with their selections in hand. Mr. Ferris' persistence was annoying.

"That will be all right." Mrs. Shannon made ready to leave. "But you must keep your promise—soon."

The few remaining shoppers trickled out into the street, for many other holiday duties had a claim on their time.

Leah wrapped the ordered toys in tinsel foil and red and green ribbons. She tagged the packages and placed them aside for the delivery truck. It was pleasant to dream of the new homes the toys would find and to enact in her mind the early morning scene: a lighted tree overflowing with decorations and gifts, children's faces, cries of surprise, and merry greetings.

These things were out of her realm of existence, and she wished them not for herself but for her brother. Jimmy was ten years old, an invalid with a well-developed body that was sadly handicapped by a crippled leg. He could walk only in a bent position by touching a hand to his right knee at each step and the process was little less than a struggle. So he stayed home and helped as best as he could with the housekeeping of their three-room flat in a dingy tenement scarcely seven blocks from the toy shop.

They had been alone for three years. Mother, the last to go, had said good-by and passed away peacefully when Leah was nineteen. The years following had been difficult ones, but there was in her make-up an obstinacy to these rebuffs of life that some people called courage. Yet it was more than mere fortitude, this desire to be a good mother to Jimmy and afford him the small advantages she had enjoyed in childhood. To-morrow she could not provide an elaborate Christmas, but through her personal economy for the past two months, Jimmy would have the mechanical engineering set he had wanted so long. Yes, once it had been a real Christmas—

Mr. Ferris interrupted the day-dreaming as he went out to lunch, his ungainly hulk bearing heavily on the creaking floor.

Soon after she undid her lunch box. There were some sandwiches, an orange, and a half pint of milk, too cold perhaps for a winter day, but she ate without thinking of the simple food and the lack of comfort, gazing intently through the show window as if fascinated by the powdery flakes whirling endlessly down into the white street. Covered with a fleecy ermine, automobiles and pedestrians hurried back and forth, appearing curiously like statues come to life. Riding or walking was perilous, as a sheet of ice blanketed Twenty-third Street.

She found her thoughts turning to Dave Shannon, though she tried hard to think of something pleasing. Why she disliked him so much, she could not tell. Possibly it was because of his overwrought sureness, the self-confidences that was indubitably a part of the blue uniform and the bright badge on his coat. Maybe it was the way he had spoken to Mr. Ferris on Monday about clearing the sidewalk of ice.

"One sure thing," he had said, and when these words preceded a statement he put in it a great deal of meaning, "you're going to keep your walk clean." Then he had been right as he acted in his line of duty. Without knowing why, she had sided with the proprietor and defended him. Anyway, she had concluded by this time Dave would do well to lose that self-satisfied air if he hoped to be more than an ordinary patrolman with a beat.

Watching people step cautiously past the store front, she was reminded the sidewalk still lay under a thick crust of ice, which shone in spots here and there when unsteady feet brushed off the covering of snow. Dave would pass by any minute now. She smiled. He had been so positive Mr. Ferris would clean the walk that the disregarding of his command would give his assurance an abrupt setback. Anticipatingly she gazed out at the thickening flurry of snowflakes.

It was not long before she saw him coming toward the shop in his measured strides, six feet of manly perfection in a gaberdine over regulation-blue uniform, the clean-cut features of his face lightly bronzed. Before he reached the door he slipped for a brief instant, balanced

himself easily, and regained his footing. A not unhandsome frown showed his displeasure.

"Hello, Leah." He shook off the snow on his coat, observing the tiny wrinkle of vexation imprinted on her brow. "This is an official call. Where's Ferris? If he thinks he can bluff the police department, he's badly mistaken."

"What is it now? I can't see why you dislike Mr. Ferris."

"It's an impersonal dislike. I've got orders to see that every property owner cleans his walk and he's going to take off that ice if he has to eat it."

She stuffed her lunch box in a waste paper basket.

"I'm sure the walk will be cleaned," she said simply, "if that's what you want."

"When, tell me? I thought I gave the big turnip notice the other day."

She looked at him defiantly. "I'll have you know Mr. Ferris isn't a 'big turnip.' He can at least speak to a lady without being rude and he doesn't insult a person behind his back."

"Oh, no?" He was growing impatient. "All I have to say is this walk must be cleaned—and in fifteen minutes. I'm tired of coming here to tell him to get a move on."

Her face burned a deep red. Without replying, she turned hastily to a clothes-closet in the rear of the shop, dragged out an ice pick and a broom, and pushing past him, slammed the door after her.

She started in her work, furiously stabbing the thick ice at the edge of the curb. A brisk wind lifted the newly fallen snow and piled it in irregular drifts. Coatless and bareheaded, she felt herself trembling, a shower of snow crystals whitening the burnished gold of her hair.

But Dave Shannon was beside her in a moment, taking the pick from her hands and offering the shelter of his coat, which she refused.

"Go back in or you'll freeze," he commanded, drawing on the coat. "I'm finishing this job."

A few passers-by lingered at neighboring show windows and stared smilingly at the principals in the episode.

Somehow she found herself obeying him. She returned to her place behind the counter, feeling humiliated and angry. Her lips quivered and her head throbbed with pain, but she for-

got it for the time being when a customer came in for a child's blackboard outfit and asked her to tie up two poorly wrapped packages.

When she had gone, Leah began testing a new lot of clockwork toys in all imaginable colors and sizes which they had received that morning. From her position on the third rung of a sliding ladder she could see Dave sweeping the loose ice from the walk. Often someone paused to gaze upon the spectacle of a patrolman engaged in such a domestic task. He was aware of their scrutiny, the light tan of his face turning a shade of crimson.

His overweening confidence was being dampened, she thought, and he deserved it. If he could only learn how small, how insignificant, was his standing, he might rise high in the ranks of the city's "boys in blue." But it was of no use, for he was twenty-five and too sure of himself to accept advice, which he would take for an indignity. She laughed without humor. An indignity!

Dave came in with the tools of his humiliation slung over a shoulder.

"Phew. That wind's sharp and I've got a long way to go yet." He rested the pick and the broom on the floor. "Where do you want these things."

"You can leave them there," she said crisply. Again she felt the keen displeasure of their little quarrel. "If that's all you want, you can go."

"Is that any way to speak when—?"

She turned on him. "And I don't want to see you again," she finished.

"All right," he said calmly, but his face looked hurt. "Good by, Leah." As he stepped out into the cold street, she heard him murmur an indistinct phrase, something that sounded strangely like "the little spitfire!"

With tears filling her eyes, she saw him cross the avenue and walk on until he was out of sight. He never glanced back. The tears came and she wiped them away with a severity that brought another flow. Well, she wasn't sorry she had affronted him. Indeed, it served him right. Hadn't he always prided himself on his authority with that indecorous air of self-satisfaction she despised? Would he ever see anything above his own eye level? Maybe her latest slight would cause the loss of his beat—

he might be late on duty. A wall clock showed it was well past three.

She did not tell of the incident when Mr. Ferris returned, partly because it would have added to their animosity, and since the activity of selling in full swing carried them with it, she had scarcely time enough to serve the long line of shoppers without giving thought to the unpleasant moments of the afternoon. The shop was filled and emptied a dozen times.

But before night came she was repenting the outburst. Dave Shannon, of course, was quite right in urging that the sidewalk be cleaned, and failing to do so, he would have to answer for neglect of duty. His discharge might be unbearable to the kindly lady who was proud of her son. She supposed Mrs. Shannon was dependent on Dave's salary as the only means of support. Now she regretted the sting of her parting words, but always in her mind was the image of Dave in blue uniform saying, "One sure thing—"

Her head ached again and her arms hung heavy with fatigue as the queue of shoppers made unreasonable demands of her time and energy. Mercifully, the hours after dark came and went quickly, slipping by without her knowing how late it was getting.

Ten o'clock, the closing hour, brought in a last-minute stream of customers. When their needs were satisfied and the store and the display shelves made presentable for a quiet opening on Friday morning, it was past eleven and time to leave. Then she gently wrapped the mechanical engineering set in its box of holly wreaths, anticipating the delight of Jimmy with a smile. She received her wages for the week, three worn bills and an extra five dollars which Mr. Ferris handed to her with a mumbled greeting, "Christmas present."

It was a short distance home and it meant a fare saved for things more necessary in a life of careful economy. Twenty-third Street was brilliant with the holiday lightning of store fronts. It was in contrast to the sober appearance of the four-story apartment house on a street where other buildings as dingy and as serious-looking rose.

She walked up the four flights of stairs and rapped light on her door, which Jimmy usually locked from inside. No one answered. She

knocked again forcefully. Across the hallway a door opened and a stout woman, the landlady, thrust her head out inquiringly. Her expression changed to one of motherly sympathy for the tired face that stared into hers with a sudden apprehension.

"Oh, Leah," she said, her hands clasping. "Something terrible has happened. Jimmy was run over at the corner—near Voorbert's—when he was coming to meet you. I told him not to go far—"

Leah swayed, clutched unsteadily at the banister. For a second she could not breathe. Then she was firing questions wildly, frantically, and the landlady was gasping her replies as fast as she could mouth them.

From then on she had a hazy recollection of a taxicab dodging traffic in crisscross fashion, dashing up and down streets through a curtain of snow falling continuously, and skidding to a stop before an imposing structure that stood off from ground covered with snow several days old.

The lobby was silent and deserted, and walking up a length of tile floor, she felt hopelessly lost. A grave middle-aged man coming out of a room with a black case under his arm noticed the little figure, her face ashen and worried, and stepped forward.

He was all courtesy. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," she said in a voice foreign to her. "I came about my brother Jimmy—Jimmy Kennedy. He was run over to-night—"

"I understand perfectly. My name is Dr. Adelson," he told her, and his slow smile put her fears to rest. "You shouldn't be alarmed. Jimmy's asleep now and is coming along nicely."

"But can't I see him just a minute?" she appealed.

"I suppose so. Only he mustn't be disturbed as this would endanger his recovery."

They walked down the corridor to the children's ward.

"Tell me, please, is it very serious?"

"Well, no. It's not a serious injury but he needs rest." There was again his reassuring smile. "A week or two at the most and he should be up and around. . . . Here we are."

In the darkness she stood without moving

before the little bed where he slept as if at home and as unchanged as if nothing had occurred, the warm color flushing his cheeks. Her lips stirred, "Safe—thank God," and kneeling beside the boy in his snug blanket, she whispered a prayer of thanks and a supplication for a speedy recovery.

Waiting at the doorway, Dr. Adelson took her arm.

"Don't you see," he spoke cheerfully, "he looks well already? It's his splendid physical development. Of course, a blood transfusion was necessary and a young man volunteered his services, but the crisis is safely passed. All he needs is rest."

She knew the nature of a transfusion. "And this young man—how can I repay him?"

"You needn't try, Miss Kennedy. This donor never accepts any gratuities, as he is freely available in an emergency. He's resting in the children's room next to the ward where he persists in helping us decorate a tree against my express orders to get some sleep."

"Could I see him now to thank him?"

"Certainly, if you don't mind the Christmasy scheme of things."

They went into a brightly lighted room adorned with evergreen wreaths, tissue Christmas bells, icicles, and tinsel garlands strung from wall to wall. A short man, surprisingly plump and rosy, was hanging toys and novelties on a huge tree. And near a window sat a coatless young man in blue fastening glass ornaments on hangers, his face lightly bronzed, his left arm bandaged at the elbow.

"Leah!" He started up at the sight of her. "What's the matter?"

"It's my brother Jimmy—hurt," she said.

"Your brother?"

Dr. Adelson explained graciously, and scenting an intimacy that allowed no place to an outsider, left them together.

"Don't worry over it," Dave said kindly. "Jimmy'll be well in no time."

There was nothing authoritative in his manner but only the tenderness of a man who hears that one dear to him has suffered.

"Dave, I didn't mean what I said in haste this afternoon. I've been a fool."

(Continued on page 364)

Benedictine Sisters in Peking

S. M. R.

LITTLE more than a year has passed since the call came to the Sisters of St. Benedict at St. Joseph, Minnesota, to establish a school of higher education for Chinese women in Peking, China. In September of this year six Sisters left the Benedictine mother house to undertake the work assigned to them by the representative of the Holy Father, His Excellency Archbishop Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China.

August 24, 1929, Reverend Francis Clougherty, O. S. B., a member of the faculty of the Catholic University of Peking came to St. Benedict's Convent for the purpose of placing before Reverend Mother Louise, Prioress of St. Benedict's, the proposition of sending a group of Sisters to Peking to offer Chinese girls an opportunity of a higher Christian education similar to that which the Benedictine Fathers in the Catholic University of Peking were holding out to the young men. Father Clougherty succeeded so well in convincing Mother Louise and the Sisters of the community of the necessity of the work that the consent of the Right Reverend Bishop Busch, Bishop of the Diocese of St. Cloud, was urgently sought and obtained for the establishment of the Women's Catholic College in Peking.

Letters were sent out from the Benedictine Convent at St. Joseph Minnesota, to the numerous missions conducted by the Sisters of that community, asking for volunteers for the work in a foreign field, and with the promptness born of real missionary enthusiasm for the promotion of God's cause, over one hundred Sisters offered their services for the work to be undertaken. The task of selection from the number of volunteers, six Sisters who would possess the necessary qualifications, was not an easy one. Furthermore, the places vacated by those who would be chosen had to be filled by competent teachers in order not to cripple our home mission schools.

After much thought, deliberation, and planning it was announced to the members of the community that six Sisters had been selected

for the foreign mission field. Their names appear below with the reproduction of a photograph taken of the group shortly before the departure for the Orient.

Following the announcement, the six privileged ones immediately began preparations for the journey across the seas, which, it was expected, should be taken not later than September, 1930. Hurried visits were paid to relatives in the early part of the summer, in order that the remaining few weeks could be spent in securing and packing clothing and materials which would be needed on the journey and upon their arrival in the Orient. Two weeks before the Sisters set out on their journey, Departure Exercises were held at the Cathedral of the Holy Angels in St. Cloud, Minnesota, at which time the Right Reverend Bishop Joseph F. Busch, and the Right Reverend Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., of St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota, spoke words of encouragement and commendation to the pioneer group, in presence of a large gathering of clergy, Sisters and people. A missionary cross was blessed for each member of the little group, and Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremony. A week later special services were held in the Convent Chapel at St. Benedict's to honor the missionary group and on this day also the Right Reverend Bishop gave an impressive address to the priests and Sisters gathered for the services. Reverend Francis Clougherty, O. S. B., also spoke with great enthusiasm of the immense possibilities of China's future and stressed the importance of prayer and material aid needed to carry on the work.

Sunday afternoon, August 31, the pioneer group of Benedictine Missionary Sisters started by car from the mother house, accompanied by numerous clergymen, Sisters, and friends, for the Northern Pacific station in St. Cloud to board the train for Minneapolis at 8:30, where at the Union station crowds of people had gathered to wish the Sisters Godspeed. At 11:30, Sunday evening, the six Sisters accompanied by Reverend Mother Louise and Sister

Leonida, the subprioress, started on the journey to the coast. The next stopping place was Tacoma, Washington, where they were met by Reverend Boniface Martin, O. S. B., a member of the faculty of the University of Peking, who was to accompany the Sisters to China. The Empress of Japan, of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Line, sailed from Victoria, B. C., September 4, after last farewells had been said at the pier.

Letters have come to St. Benedict's from Honolulu; Kobe, Japan; Tientsin, China; and quite recently news was received from Peking, telling of the safe arrival of the Sisters and of the kind reception they received at their new home. It is the plan of the Sisters to take up the study of the Chinese language from private tutors during a period of several months, in order that they may be able to undertake the work of instructing the natives, who have as yet not had an opportunity of learning the English language in the government schools of China. The Sisters now occupy a rented home, which was formerly occupied by the Apostolic Delegate. This temporary habitation offers space sufficient for the group, however, it is expected that at the beginning of the next school year, September, 1931, more spacious quarters must be provided for the opening of a school for Chinese young women.

Following are excerpts from letters sent from Peking October 1, 1930. "We arrived here in Peking September twenty-fifth. I assure you it was a great experience and of course very different from what any of us had anticipated. We finished our boat trip up the river the evening of the twenty-fourth and arrived in Tientsin around eight o'clock. It was already dark, and there were very few lights along the shore. As we pulled up to the bank (there was no pier) and anchored, we could see many Chinese and hear their strange tongue. As soon as the gang plank was down, ever so many of the Chinese boys and men boarded the ship to get a job carrying baggage. I never in all my life heard so much talking and saw so much jostling. We all thanked God that Father Boniface was with us and Father Ildephonse, the Prior of the school at Peking, was down to meet us. A Belgian priest with all his servants came with Father Ildephonse and they took care of

all of our baggage. We had been met at almost every stopping place by kind people and here again we were not disappointed. The Fathers took us over to the French Franciscan Sisters and they were just lovely to us. We left Tientsin about nine o'clock and saw the outside walls of Peking, called the Chinese walls, for the first time at twelve-twenty, the morning of the twenty-fifth. We are adjusting ourselves wonderfully, I think, and we are going to be happy even though we feel we can accomplish only a very small part of all there is to do.

"The Fathers did everything to make things easy for us. Our dear little chapel was all prepared. One of the Fathers had said Mass in the chapel in the morning before we arrived, so that our dear Lord was waiting in His tabernacle to greet us in our new home. Here we knelt and said a fervent prayer of thanksgiving. The Fathers certainly couldn't have done any more for us than they did. The first evening we were here they came over and we had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in our chapel. It was the loveliest feeling, and again shows how much the Benedictine Fathers did for us. We were in our pews and the priests knelt along the Communion railing and in the aisles. They sang the Gregorian 'O Salutaris,' intoned by Father Adelbert, very solemnly and beautifully, then the 'Sancte Pater Benedicte' with the hymn, and then the 'Tantum Ergo'.

"We have a gatekeeper and a servant woman at present. A gatekeeper is an absolute necessity in China. All the houses in Peking are behind walls, so if you want to see the beauty of the city, you must get behind the walls. The gatekeeper has his quarters in the front part of the compound right near the gate. Some time I will make you a drawing of our new home. To describe it is utterly impossible. I could write a whole book about these first few days but it is just about time for me to stop and write to some others. Sunday afternoon Father Ildephonse took us through their new building. It is a marvelous place. All the work was done by Chinese labor and all the furniture is hand-made by Chinese cabinetmakers. The second-hand stores here sell beautiful hand-carved things that would cost hundreds of dollars in the States, but here they sell for thirty, forty, or one hundred dollars, (Mexican money). The

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Back row, left to right— Sisters Ronayne, Regia, Rachel, and Wibora.
Front row, left to right— Sisters Francetta and Donaldda.

STANDING: SISTERS RONAYNE, REGIA, RACHEL, WIBORA

SEATED: SISTERS FRANCETTA (SUPERIOR), DONALDA

exchange at present is three dollars and forty-six cents for one American dollar.

"The rooms in our compound are little houses with no windows. There is a wall of brick up to regular window height, then glass half of the remainder and the top half is just screen—a pretty green color—with paper to roll down if one wishes. The rooms are surprisingly bright and pleasant. We have electric lights and a telephone but no heating system—each room has a little heater. The floors are all of stone (except two, I believe) covered with a good woven mat. It has been very cold here during the nights—we almost freeze—and windy and dusty. During the day it is very warm. We called upon the Papal Delegate and he said, 'Sisters, I give you 400,000,000 souls to save,' and there were tears in his eyes. He came into our compound last evening and went around to look at every room—this used to be his home.

"Now, Sisters, what else can I tell you? How I wish I could call you up, just to hear your dear voices. I think of you all many times a day and try to picture what you are doing. Pray for me, please. God bless and love you all."

The Allison's Christmas Gift

(Continued from page 350)

Of course, you don't need to take him," she looked from Bess to Bob hesitatingly.

"Oh, but we want him, don't we, dear?" Bess turned to her husband. "You see I meant to surprise you but I didn't know we'd be able to get one quite so soon. Isn't he a darling?" she kissed the baby's dimpled hand.

Bob touched the tiny fingers gingerly and laughed to feel them cling to his.

"He's a dandy, all right; but what do we have to do to get him?" he asked Miss Weston.

"Come to the home to sign up the papers day after to-morrow. Mrs. Allison has made all the necessary arrangements. I brought him to-night so you could have him over Christmas."

A few more words and she was gone and the Allison's were alone with their Christmas gift.

"We'll spend that five hundred dollars on our boy, Bob," Bess told him as she fixed a bed and put the little one to rest for the night. "What a world of happiness we'll find in him!"

The clock on the town hall chimed twelve.

Bob opened the street door as he always did on Christmas eve to hear its stirring notes. Sleighbells jingled past, songs of carolers mingled with the chiming of other bells all pealing forth the old, old story of God's greatest gift.

"I think I know something of what was in the Mother Mary's heart that night so many centuries ago," Bess whispered from the protecting fold of her husband's arm and Bob for the first time knew the meaning of Peace on Earth.

One Sure Thing

(Continued from page 360)

"No, we acted as if we were two spoiled kids. Let's forget it. Tell me about you instead."

He drew her to the window and they watched the snow fluttering to streets that were blanketed in a heavy white fleece. Then she was telling him about Jimmy and herself and he was listening with an anxious interest.

"I didn't know—I couldn't know—you were both alone like mother and I. You've had a hard struggle for three years when we could have helped. You see, before you came Dr. Adelson examined Jimmy's right leg and said he may walk like other boys by wearing a brace awhile. I'd like to do that for him."

There was a momentary silence. She was weak and tears were brimming in her eyes, but they were tears of gratitude. Stooping under the loaded branches of the tree, the short man was rapidly finishing his work.

"One sure thing," Dave continued in a whisper, "starting to-night you won't be lonely any more. Mother needs somebody like Jimmy to make our flat seem like home. And I—well, after I—well, after I left you this afternoon, I found out how much I really think of you." She was glad of his confidence, eager to take protection in its sureness.

Not far away a church bell was softly pealing a lullaby to the sleeping city. It was Christmas. His head was bowed humbly and for once Leah saw in him the humility she thought he had never owned. Her fingers touched the bandaged arm and he looked at her. In his eyes she read a promise of new life, a promise that would be fulfilled for all time.

They listened. The church-bell was saying: "Peace—on earth to men of good will."

The Coffeepot Brems a Tempest

MARGARET C. MOLONEY

THERE is always something to be said on both sides of the back-yard fence.

Mrs. Helme on one side and Mrs. Brinkerhoff on the other had been doing their bit to see that it was said for twenty-five years; and still there was much to be said. Adown the years that brought grief, worry, and no small share of joy, the good neighbors leaning on the back-yard fence talked things over and both felt the better for it—until the coffee subject came up.

"I always put the coffee in the pot, a tablespoonful to each cup, and one for the pot, then pour on cold water—as many cups as wanted, and set it on to boil. I like my coffee boiled." Mrs. Helme measured her words as she measured her coffee and cold water, and finishing stared an offensive stare at her old neighbor.

Mrs. Brinkerhoff was not slow to unsheathe her stare.

"It would answer, sure," she tossed her head, "for folks that aren't over-particular, but coffee has to be just right for me and my family, and to have coffee *just right* the water must be boiling. I'd rather have no coffee at all than a poor cup."

"I'm just as particular as the next one," Mrs. Helme made quick answer. "About my coffee as well as everything else."

Mrs. Brinkerhoff smiled a supercilious smile.

"I've always said," she remarked, "that where a woman has only men to cook for, she isn't kept up to the—perfect."

"My boys used to go home from college with their friends where there would be—French cooks—and butlers, and all, and when they came home they never failed to tell me how much better my cooking was—especially the coffee."

There was no stopping the quarrel. Before it was done, a beautiful friendship of twenty-five years had been torn to shreds at the time of life, too, when they needed each other, with the two good men laid away in the bosom of the earth, and the grown-up children off on their own—two boys on the Helme side and two girls on the Brinkerhoff side.

Harsh words were used and deeply they

wounded, and then when they had said all those things, they did not mean at all, they turned and marched off each to her own domicile to think it over and—regret.

"Silly!" each said to herself, "but I'll let her stew awhile. Do her good."

But the longer the stew was allowed to simmer the more heady it became, until neither of those who had so recklessly concocted it knew how to go about ousting it.

To make matters worse Christmas was drawing near and nearer. Sitting alone in their respective rooms, both women looked back on the Christmases shared from the first year of friendship, when the two brides went in together on their first Christmas dinner. Down the years they stumbled, living again the grief, the joy, the comfort of the loyal neighbor.

And now with the two boys and the two girls pairing off in that significant way, what explanation could be made of this estrangement when they came boisterously in on Christmas eve, arms full of bundles, hearts full of love?

Both women sitting alone with her stew heard again the whispering, the chuckling, the cries—"Don't come in!" the scrambling, and the rattling of paper; the calling back and forth from one house to the other, the running back and forth, the noisy glorious joy of Christmas.

When they saw themselves remaining in the pew while the four devout young things walked reverently to the altar rail, without their mothers—the first time in all their lives! *They* with hearts filled with hatred could not meet the Prince of Peace. They were even at work inventing plausible excuses.

But what about the Christmas dinner? There was nothing that could excuse two separate dinners where always one joyous affair had been!

Yet, withal, the stew grew headier in its simmering until, when the Christmas Spirit looked in on the old friends early one morning just ten days before the great day, it had hard

(Continued on page 377)

Thirty-nine Newly Beatified Martyrs

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

HARBORERS OF PRIESTS

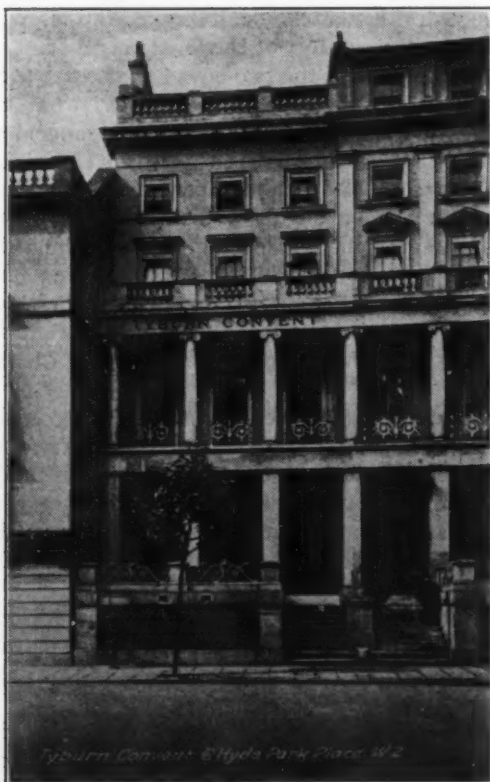
IT would be impossible to sketch in a few articles the lives of all the thirty-six newly beatified laymen who died for the faith in England. We shall have to group them and give of each group some examples. As we have seen in the case of two of the beatified women, the harborer of priests exposed himself to the terrible death penalty for treason.

The Blessed Swithun Wells is a typical example of the many laymen who ran that risk and paid the penalty. He sprang from a wealthy family near Winchester, which had suffered a good many penalties and fines since the time of Elizabeth for neglecting the Prot-

estant services. Young Swithun had received a good education and was well instructed and trained in the Catholic religion. He married an educated and pious Catholic lady, and both of them led a happy and retired life, either on their estate, or in their own house in London. Mr. Wells was a good sportsman, but he was moderate in his pleasures, and he used his time, talents, and virtues in order to give Catholic youths a good education. His house became a seminary of future priests and of good Catholic laymen of the higher social classes.

His houses were always at the disposal of Catholic priests, either for shelter, or for Catholic services. On November 8, 1591, during his absence from London, two priests stayed in his house, one of them being his future fellow martyr, the secular priest Blessed Edmund Gennings. The latter was celebrating holy Mass in the morning, and had just reached the consecration when Topcliffe, the infamous and cruel priest hunter knocked at the door and demanded entrance. Some laymen present were determined at any cost to prevent the disturbance of the sacred function; one of them pushed Topcliffe downstairs, whilst the others leaning against the door kept the intruders outside until holy Mass was finished. The priest and three laymen, now known as the Blessed Martyrs, Brian Lacy, John Mason, and Sidney Hodson were arrested, the laymen for resisting the capture of a priest; they were martyred on the same day as Mr. Wells and Blessed Edmund, and they therefore died for protecting the Blessed Sacrament against profanation. The house of Mr. Wells was searched, and as usual plundered and wrecked by the ruffians, and Mrs. Wells was also taken into custody for harboring a priest.

When Mr. Wells returned and found his house in disorder, and also deprived of its mistress, he went to Judge Young to expostulate and to demand the liberation of Mrs. Wells. Instead of securing this, he was himself imprisoned and chained. At the examination next day he expressed his regret that he had not



TYBURN CONVENT WHERE MARTYRS WERE
EXECUTED

been at the Mass, and his satisfaction that his house had been so highly honored by the celebration of the Divine Mysteries. The judge told him sarcastically that, although he had not been at the feast, he should yet taste of the sauce.

The prisoners were brought to trial on December 4th, and the jury was ordered to find them guilty of high treason, although nothing could be proved against them, except that one had said holy Mass, at which the owner had not been present, and that the others had heard Mass. Two other priests were condemned with Blessed Edmund to the death of traitors for coming to England as priests; the lay people, amongst them Mrs. Wells, were condemned for aiding and assisting priests. It was appointed that the prisoners should be executed at Tyburn, with the exception of Father Edmund and Mr. Wells, who were to be hanged before Mr. Wells' house in Gray's Inn Fields, as a serious warning to the Catholic lawyers residing in that neighborhood.

After the judgment the judges still tried to persuade the confessors to save their lives and liberty by attending once the Protestant service; but none of them wavered in the least.

In his dungeon Mr. Wells wrote a most touching letter to his brother-in-law, also a staunch Catholic; the Latin quotations in it prove his scholarship, whilst the sentiments are worthy of the martyrs in apostolic times. We will give a few passages:

"The comforts which captivity brings are so manyfold that I have rather cause to thank God for His fatherly correction than to complain of any earthly misery whatsoever. For the Lord looks down from heaven upon the earth to hear the sighs of the chained ones. (Ps. 101:21.) I prefer to be troubled for the sake of Christ rather than be honored by him. These and other truths cannot but comfort a good Christian, and cause him to esteem captivity to be a principal freedom, his prison a heavenly harbor, and his irons an ornament. These will plead for him, and the prison will protect him. God send me withal the prayers of all good folks to obtain some end of all miseries, such as to His holy will and pleasure shall be most agreeable. I have been for a long time in durance, and endured much pain; but the many future rewards

in the heavenly payment make all pains seem to be a pleasure; and truly custom has caused that it is now no grief to me at all to be debarred from company, desiring no more than solitariness; . . . assuring myself always of this one thing, that how few soever I see, yet I am not alone." He is not alone who has Christ in his company. When I pray I talk with God; when I read he speaks to me. . . . He is my chiefest companion and only comfort. . . . I am bound and charged with gyves, yet I am loose and unbound towards God; and far better do I account it to have the body bound, than the soul to be in bondage. I am threatened hard with danger of death; but if it be no worse, I will not wish it to be better. God send me his grace, and then I weigh not what flesh and blood can do unto me. . . . What will become of it God knows best, to whose protection I commit you. From prison and chains to the kingdom; yours as long as I live.

S. W."

(Continued on page 376)



CHAPEL OF THE MARTYRS—TYBURN CONVENT
THE GALLOWS OF MARTYRDOM

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—While the secular press features the revolutionary movements in China, the kidnapping of missionaries, and the plundering of towns, the religious press is commenting on the Christian spirit shown by Lo Pa Hong, the "Vincent de Paul of China," who is building two new modern hospitals in his native land. One is to be for patients suffering from tuberculosis, the other for maternity cases. Through Mr. Lo's efforts, St. Joseph's Hospital at Shanghai was erected several years ago and since that time it has sheltered thousands of sick, for the most part, poor, orphaned, or insane. Many conversions to the Faith were effected by the work.

—Mrs. Rebecca G. Fields, aged 100, died at Rockville, Md., Oct. 9. Born within five miles of Rockville, she never journeyed further than Washington, of which Rockville is a suburb. She never rode a train but had been in an automobile several times. She was at her editor's desk on October 5, four days before her death.

—During the last twenty-six weeks of 1929, Father Charles E. Coughlin, a pioneer in radio broadcasting, received over 200,000 letters from Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. During this same period 150,000 copies of sermons were distributed free of charge, over 80,000 prayer books were given free, 50,000 copies of the Stations of the Cross, 50,000 crucifixes, and hundreds of thousands of pamphlets were distributed. His radio "League of the Little Flower" now counts 60,000 members, one third of whom are Protestants or Jews.

—The Circus Sarasani, a well known German circus of 900 people, over half of whom are Catholics, now has a priest for chaplain, and a specially fitted chapel car, accompanying the circus wherever it goes.

—During the week of October 23, *The Catholic Telegraph* began its one-hundredth volume. The paper was first issued on October 22, 1831. Founded by Bishop Edward Dominick Fenwick, O. P., to defeat the propaganda against the Church everywhere prevalent in his diocese, the weekly has continued its mission decade after decade, passing from hand to hand as editors and writers ran their race and succumbed while others snatched up the torch and carried on the work of enlightenment. The files of *The Catholic Telegraph* are a comprehensive history of the Church in the West. Only the Dioceses of Bardstown, Cincinnati, and St. Louis existed in the Middle West when the paper was born.

—Many events recorded by the press during the past few weeks give evidence that the Catholic Church is maintaining the position she has always held, at the head of scientific and historical research. Notable among these events is the opening of the largest radio station in the world by the Vatican. The Holy Father has placed this station under the direction of Fr. Giuseppe Gianfranceschi, President of the Pontifical Academy of Science.

—The Church in Chicago celebrates this year its

golden jubilee as an Archdiocese. In 1880 there were 104 churches in the Diocese of Chicago, 84 of which were in the city itself. When its first Archbishop died—Archbishop Feehan—there were 298 churches in the Archdiocese, 100 of which were in the city of Chicago. He himself laid the corner stones of eighty churches, ordained 250 priests, and confirmed 200,000 persons. In spite of the fact that the Diocese of Rockford has since been separated from the Archdiocese, there are at the present time 400 churches in the Archdiocese, with approximately 260 in the city of Chicago. The Archdiocese also has two universities, seven Colleges, fifty-nine high schools and academies.

—Chicago has also erected a statue of Father Marquette, Jesuit missionary and explorer, on the site where Fr. Marquette, the first resident of Chicago, made peace with the Indian tribes.

—A statue of Father Hennepin was recently unveiled at Minneapolis, Minn. Father Hennepin was a Belgian missionary and explorer, the discoverer of the St. Anthony Falls at Minneapolis. This is the 250th anniversary of the discovery.

—The Spanish Government has recently printed a new series of postage stamps portraying scenes from the life of Christopher Columbus. The ten centimos stamp pictures Columbus at the Friary of La Rabida where the Prior gave him sustenance in 1486.

—The first announcement of the program for the Thirty-first International Eucharistic Congress, to be held in Dublin in 1932, has been made by William V. McCarthy, executive secretary of the Catholic Travel League, with national headquarters at 10 East 40th Street, New York City. The Congress is scheduled to open on June 20 and close on Sunday, June 26.

—In answer to a request made by the Priest's Eucharistic League of Italy, the Holy Father has granted a plenary indulgence to all priests and those in major orders who shall recite their Breviary in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

Missions

—In the Vicariate of Fianarantsoa, Madagascar, during the past forty years, the number of Catholics has increased from 5,974 to 166,902, an average of 4,000 converts a year, or almost twenty a day. Candidates for Baptism now under instruction number 7,438. The Vicariate Apostolic of Antsirabe, Madagascar, shows an increase in the Catholic population from 6,637 in 1901, to 72,797 in 1930.

—The Catholic population of the Belgian Congo in Central Africa, now totals 667,130 Congolese in the care of 1552 Catholic missionaries. Included in this number of missionaries are 556 sisters.

—Two Jacobite Bishops, or rather an Archbishop (Mar. Ivanios) and his assistant, Bishop Theophilus, were received into the Catholic Church by the Rt. Rev. Louis Benziger, O. C. B., Bishop of Quilon. Mar Ivanios

was a notable figure among the Jacobite monks, having wrought a reform among them, founded a religious congregation known as the Bethany monks with an auxiliary sisterhood, and established an Apostolate Press. His conscience led him to abandon the Jacobite Church. By special consent of the Holy See, he will retain the dignity of Archbishop, and be free to use the powers of his Sacred Orders and jurisdiction. He has also the faculty to receive into the Church thirteen priests and one deacon, all monks of the congregation instituted by him while a Jacobite. There are 400,000 Jacobites in Malabar, and the conversion of Ivanios, such a prominent reformer of the sect, created a deep impression upon them.

—The Seventh National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade will be held at Niagara University, Niagara Falls, New York, June 29 to July 2, 1931.

—Thirty Catholic orphans courageously refused to go through a pagan ceremony despite a brutal beating at Tiruvadammarudur, a town in the diocese of Kumbakonam, India. While on an outing the boys crossed the grounds of a pagan temple. Trapped between the gates, the boys were caught and an attempt was made to force them to apply the sacred ashes to their bodies. A beating and subsequent arrest failed to alter their stand.

Benedictine

—Guillermo and Fernando Ortiz Rubio, sons of President Rubio of Mexico, are enrolled at St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, this year.

—According to a book lately published by a distinguished Italian Jesuit scholar, Fr. Galileo Venturini, the first recorded attempt at flying was made by an English Benedictine monk, Oliver of Malmesbury, who lived in the reign of Edward the Confessor. He went to the top of a tower, attached a contraption with wings to his arms and legs, went to the edge of the tower and jumped. The start was successful, but a gust of wind caught him, brought him down breaking his legs. He was bedfast for the remaining twenty years of his life.

—Abbot Amelli, O. S. B., Vice-President of the Pontifical Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate, has celebrated his diamond jubilee in the priesthood. He is 82 years old. He preceded Pope Pius XI as Librarian of the Ambrosian Library at Milan. Achille Ratti, the present Pope, served at Fr. Amelli's ordination Mass in Milan.

—Cardinal Bisleti, representing the Holy Father, turned the first sod on the site of the new Benedictine monastery, which will house the Pontifical Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate. The monastery will be on the hill beyond the western walls of the Vatican City. The work of the revision is in the hands of the Benedictines of the Solesmes Congregation under Dom Henri Quentin, O. S. B.

—A new convent church has just been begun at Talacre Abbey, Flintshire, the present home of the Ben-

edictine nuns formerly at St. Bride's Milford, Haven. The entire community was received into the Catholic Church twenty-seven years ago. The sermon preached at the laying of the cornerstone was delivered by Archbishop Mostyn, who received the sisters into the Church in 1913. A number of English Benedictine Abbots were present, including Dom Benedict Steuart, O. S. B., Prior of Prinknash, formerly known as Caldey. The monks of this Abbey entered the Church shortly after the nuns of Talacre.

Santa's Gift of Health

ELIZABETH COLE



The Christmas season would not seem complete without the brightly colored health seals. On this year's seal jovial old Santa Claus beams out to announce that he is bringing the greatest and most lasting of all gifts—health.

Funds from the sale of the penny seals are used to educate people in the ways of healthful living.

The money is devoted to an all year round campaign to prevent sickness, with special emphasis on keeping children well. Santa Claus in this way, therefore, is bringing millions of gifts of health for 1931.

Accumulated pennies can accomplish much and since 1907 when the seals were first sold to control and stamp out tuberculosis, the death rate from this disease has been decreased from 178.5 per 100,000 population to 79.2 per 100,000 population in 1928. Children have profited most from the knowledge gained through this educational campaign. For the ten year period, 1917 to 1927, the tuberculosis death rate for the country as a whole declined 45 per cent while the rate for children under five declined 63 per cent. By concentrating effort on the child through providing open air classrooms, preventoria, health camps for the under par children and by teaching them to make health a habit, the amount of adult tuberculosis is greatly reduced.

The age period in which the death rate has declined less noticeably is from 15 to 45, the producing years. For boys and men the decline has been greater than for girls between 15 and 19. Comparative statistics show that for girls in this age period it has declined only 33 per cent, but for boys it has declined 47 per cent. Every third girl who dies from any cause between the ages of 15 and 19 dies from tuberculosis. For the ages 20 to 24 the decline for women has been 34 per cent; among men 50 per cent. This situation is certainly serious, but if sufficient effort is given toward protecting the young children, the elder ones are bound to benefit.

Santa Claus, the beloved of children, and the symbol of unselfish joyousness, is a fitting subject for the 1930 Christmas seal. Use the stickers on your mail and packages, not only to make them, but also to signify that at this season you feel like joining Santa Claus in giving the precious gift of health.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE: For the sake of the new readers of THE GRAIL, the editor of this column will republish in the next issue (January, 1931) parts of the original letter which opened this column January, 1929, in which the general idea and rules of the KWEERY KORNER were given. It is to be earnestly hoped for that all questioners will kindly read the same and abide by the instructions there given.

NOTE: CORRECTION: Attention of this column's editor was called to the answer given to the last question in the October issue concerning the parentage of Saint Joseph. When the editor used the word "parentage," he had in mind both parents. The father of Saint Joseph, according to Matthew, Chap. 1, Verse 16, was Jacob.

NOTE: The questioner from New York City, asking about marrying the divorced Freemason, should kindly take her question, either to the brother mentioned who is a priest or to her own pastor or confessor. Such questions, as frequently indicated in this column, cannot be safely answered in a public Question Box of this kind.

Is Saint Theresa "The Little Flower" and Saint Theresa the same?—New Orleans, La.

No, they are two different Saints altogether. The Feast of the great Saint Theresa is celebrated on October 15th, that of the "Little Flower," on October 3rd. Both were religious of the Carmelite Order.

Does it always happen that there is misfortune and unhappiness for those who do not follow their true vocation?—Wichita, Kans.

Theologians teach that the grace of vocation must be used as any other grace. If one does not follow the grace of vocation, salvation is rendered much more difficult than if one were in the proper state of life. Whilst very frequently those who do not follow their vocation have misfortunes and experience unhappiness, it does not necessarily follow that such is always the case.

My sister died some time ago. She was a very good Catholic all during her life, but shortly before her death she raved and cursed and was completely out of her mind. She received all of the last sacraments, but I worry constantly over her condition just before her death. Is she saved?—Chester, Pa.

Whether a person is saved or not is something that only God can answer. But you need not worry about your good sister. Your letter shows her to have been an exemplary Catholic girl all her life and the raving and cursing you speak of plainly show that at the time

she was delirious. In such a state one is not accountable for actions and speech and hence we may safely say that she did not sin in the matter. Just continue your prayers for her and rest assured that God will hear them. Worry in such a case is needless and you may feel great consolation over the saintly life led by your sister.

Are "Our Lady of the Snows," "Our Lady of Ransom," and "Our Lady of Lourdes" recognized by the Church as titles of the Blessed Virgin Mary?—New Orleans, La.

Yes, all these titles are used of Mary by the Church.

A questioner from Chicago sends a clipping from a California paper, recording the marriage of Dolores Del Rio by the priests, and asks why such a marriage could be sanctioned by the priest?—Chicago, Ill.

Kindly take that case to any priest in your city of Chicago who can go into detail in the answer. Suffice it to remark here that, according to the very item which was sent, and according to the facts in the case, both parties were free to marry in the eyes of the Church, and it was not a case of an improperly divorced party or parties being married.

I have a very good girl friend who is a member of the Greek Church. She wishes to know why the Roman Church is the only one which makes new Saints and not her Church?—New York City.

Since the Roman Catholic Church is the one and only true Church established by Our Savior, she alone has the power and right to declare the sanctity of a Saint. That part of the Greek Church in communion with the Holy Father in Rome shares the same Saints as does the Roman Church.

Why should we pray when God knows our needs?—New Orleans, La.

Does not a child beg a favor of a parent, even when the parent knows the wants of the child? We pray in this case, as suggested by a great Saint, (a) to show our dependence on God, (b) to acknowledge Him as the Giver of all gifts, (c) to fulfill our obligation of petitioning Almighty God, and (d) to increase the extrinsic glory of God.

When a priest gives Holy Communion at a sick call, why does he dip his finger and thumb in a spoon of water and then give it to the sick person to swallow?—Kansas City, Kans.

In administering the Holy Communion, small particles of the host at times cling to the fingers of the priest. On occasion of a sick call, the priest dips his fingers in the water mentioned so that any tiny particles adhering to the fingers may thus be gathered in the water and this water is given to the sick communicant. This is done out of reverence to the Blessed Sacrament, so that none of the Sacred Species may be desecrated in any way.

In addition to the Divine Office do any of the religious orders recite the "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin" or recite the "Little Office" only?—Davenport, Ia.

Your answer in full would require more space here than the column permits. The editor kindly suggests that you read the article entitled "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin," found in Volume IX of the Catholic Encyclopedia, a very excellent little treatise which will answer your query in full.



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

LABORING FOR CHRIST

Not so long ago we observed Mission Sunday in our churches, and received leaflets telling us how much Catholics contributed to the missions in the various cities. They showed how some of the smaller cities outdid their larger, more densely populated sisters in the matter of mission donations. It showed, among other things, how the very smallest city on the list gave \$5000 more than the last city on the list, which is twenty times larger, and there are other amazing comparisons, which may or may not prove the ardor of the Catholics in those several cities—or let us be charitable—perhaps the cities that gave less had fewer Catholics than those who gave more.

There are supposedly 20,203,702 Catholics in the U. S., Hawaii and Alaska. If each of these would give at least \$1.00 a year to the missions, what a nice roll there would be to disburse! There are many people who give far more than that—ten, twenty, or even thirty dollars a year; there are many people too, and these form the vast majority, who give—nothing at all. Our missions have been depending all these years upon a group of zealous souls in each city, who have cared as to whether they were “their brother’s keeper” or not. What about the rest? But perhaps these others do not know of the desperate need of some of our missions—their poverty, their daily struggle for existence, their valiant battle for the souls of those poor, benighted peoples, who have not, like ourselves, been born to the precious heritage of the Faith. Perhaps we take our Faith too much for granted, or we permit ourselves to be blinded too much by our own troubles and struggles to bother about what becomes of “the other fellow.”

That is precisely where we ought to turn when troubles and sorrows crowd thick and fast upon us—to assuage your own sorrow, help someone more needy and sorrowful than yourself—to make more dollars grow where few grow now—plant them in the hotbeds of the missions, and God, the ever-generous, will make two grow where one grew before. He never forgets, never permits a generosity to go unrewarded.

The children, too, should be taught to think of the missions; parents, by their own good example and encouragement, should lead their children to take an interest in the little souls who have not had the good fortune to know that there exists a good, kind Father in Heaven, or a Redeemer Who died on the cross for them. Many of these little souls are still being brought up in pagan practices, and have no comforts whatsoever; Catholic children should be taught to sympathize with these pagan little ones, and encouraged to do something to help. Our latest Catholic Directory showed 2,248,571 children in our Catholic schools, (including Alaska and the Hawaiian islands). Imagine what a penny a month from each child would amount to in a year! It rests with parents to instill into their children a love for the missions, first, by urging them to little self-denial for the missions, by letting them help in

packing mission boxes, and in organizing little clubs or bands, which give shows, or sell cake or candy or lemonade, the proceeds to go to the missions. Many little boys and girls have been doing these things, either at school, or at home during vacations. We would like to hear from some of them; we will print their letters, and their pictures too, if they send any.

But whether we do much or little for the missions, LET US DO WHAT WE CAN!

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

And now let us not forget that the joyful season of Christmas is on its way and, by this time, most children are writing out lists of what they want from Santa, preparatory to sending him a letter. The little Indian kiddies are just as enthusiastic about Santa Claus as ours are, and long before the holiday season is at hand, they are speculating as to whether he will come again this year. For you see, things are so uncertain out on the prairie—no one knows whether he will be able to come every year or not. But we can make it possible for him to visit our missions, dear friends, so that those poor little eager children will not be disappointed.

Let us begin now, to gather up some toys, trinkets, and candy, so as to have a package ready to send either to St. Paul’s, Immaculate Conception, or Seven Dolores, or a little to all three. Send two weeks ahead. Popcorn and cookies would be acceptable too. One lady was asking whether it would be all right to send a batch of cookies; that would indeed be fine. She is a good cook, and it takes her almost no time, she says, to make a few dozen cookies. Pop corn is very inexpensive too, and if each person would include a couple of pounds, they would have plenty to string for the tree, and to eat too.

The mission addresses are at the top of the Mission Page, so take your pick, but do not let this Christmas pass without making some little Indian child happy. Some of the young ladies who are adepts at fudge and peanut candy making, might invite some of their friends in for a “sweet evening,” or old-fashioned “candy pull,” and make candy for one of the missions. If our good people only knew how much each little toy and sweet is appreciated by these little ones of Christ, who, before coming to the mission, may never have known what candy or toys were, they would exert themselves to give the Christ Child a royal welcome on His birthday, in the person of His little guests, the Indian children.

The five- and ten-cent store is teeming with lovely



A MIDGET AT ST. PAUL’S MISSION

little gifts—crayons, games, drawing books, beads, toy watches, and jewelry, tablets, dolls, balls, chalk and water colors, etc. Almost everyone can afford to send at least two or three such articles, and his own joy in the giving will well repay him for the small expenditure. **LET US ALL HELP TO MAKE THIS CHRISTMAS A WONDERFUL ONE FOR THE INDIAN CHILDREN.**

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Sister Ambrose tells us that she is running a little short on quilt patches, and as now is the busy time for quilt making, we make this appeal to our readers to rummage in their patch bags, and pick out all the scraps of new material they no longer need, and send as soon as possible to this good nun, who is teaching her girls the useful art of sewing and quilt-making. Many Indian women come asking for quilt patches also, so you cannot send too many—silk, gingham, velvet—just any kind of bright, pretty cloth. They like the bright colors better than the dark, although woolen patches are used to make warm quilts too.

Sister also needs embroidery floss of all kinds and colors; her girls are constantly employed in stitching beautiful pieces, which are sold at the various exhibitions that are held at intervals, for the benefit of the mission. Many ladies have broken skeins of colored floss left over from various articles which they embroidered. If they no longer need this floss, it will receive a ready welcome in Sister Ambrose's sewing room.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

A kind lady, Mrs. L. Fricker of Detroit, Mich., has offered to donate her fine, special-make piano to Seven Dolors Mission. Father Ambrose writes that he would be delighted to have it, as it will be even more useful in the schoolroom than an organ. There are many musically inclined children who will thus be enabled to take lessons on the piano, and thus be given an additional "string to their bow," or manner of making a living some day. Then, when entertainments are given, a piano will be the ideal instrument. This one has a transposing device, which is very useful in teaching singing.

But there is one drawback: the freight. We are holding \$12 which has been donated by kind readers for the organ fund, and Father authorizes us to use this as part of the freight. Then, Mrs. Fricker offers to help out some on the crating and hauling price. In all, it will cost \$40 to ship the piano from Detroit to Fort Totten, and so we appeal to our good readers once again to help us in this necessity. Who will send us a donation to swell the fund we now have? Mrs. Fricker is ill and must go to a hospital very soon; she wishes to ship the piano before she leaves. So, the sooner we receive the donations, the better. Send donations to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Keep right on sending clothing to this mission. Indians are coming every day asking for help, and then Christmas will soon be here, and the Sisters always like to have a pile of nice coats and dresses and trousers, etc., on a table beside the tree. The children receive toys and candy, and the older folks come up to the table and each in turn is fitted with some article of clothing. This delights them very much, and they are so grateful. They go home after the festivities all smiles, and feeling that they have fared very well indeed. Then, too, Father Justin will appreciate any loose greenbacks you may have, with which to keep the pantry stocked up with potatoes, beans, coffee, flour, etc. If you desire any favors from our Lord, just promise

to make a donation to the mission in case they are granted, and see how quickly your prayer is answered.

LETTER FROM MISSION CLUB

Dear Clare Hampton:—

Have been reading your Mission Corner right along, and note your suggestion to form clubs or bands for the benefit of the Benedictine Missions. I know a number of lovely girls, and I am sending out invitations for them to meet at my house next Sunday, in order to put up to them the question of forming a Mission Club. We have a large finished attic in our house, where we sometimes give parties. This would be an ideal place to have bridge parties or lottoes, and Mother is willing to prepare refreshments for us if we give any. She is enthusiastic about it; she thinks she might be able to interest some of her friends in a married ladies' band, and we could give affairs together. You will hear from me again. Hope this little letter will receive a tiny space in your corner.

With best wishes for your success, I remain,

Sincerely,

(Miss) M. A. J., Indianapolis, Ind.

SILVER FOIL, ROSARIES, MEDALS, ETC.

Packages were received from Marie Nann, Cinti.; Elizabeth Halloran, Indianapolis; Mrs. E. J. Madigan, St. Louis; Mrs. Laura Schulz, New Orleans; C. Young, Chicago; Mrs. Carl F. Moschel, Omaha; Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis; Mrs. A. S. Heitlinger, Leavenworth, Kans.; A. L. Dinneen, S. Boston, Mass.; Thos. J. Lyons, Yonkers, N. Y.; Nellie Coughlin, Pelham, N. Y.; Mrs. P. J. Rice, Milwaukee; J. P. Swanson, Woonsocket, R. I.; Mrs. H. W. Johnson, Stevens Pt., Wis.; N. N., 101 E. Sedgwick St., Mt. Airy, Phila. Many thanks, and continue sending tinfoil, rosaries, prayer books, medals, holy pictures, discarded jewelry and beads to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Pink embroidered laundry bag, 50¢. 54-inch lunch cloth and 6 large napkins, beautifully embroidered, \$5.00. 36-inch emb. lunch cloth and 4 napkins, laced, \$3.00. 3 large emb. scarves, \$2.00 each. 2 smaller scarves, \$1.00 each. Fancy garters, any color desired, 50¢ each. Emb. tea towels, 25¢ each. Emb. knife, fork and spoon cases, \$1.00 each. Emb. white rompers for child of 2 years, \$1.00. 2 18-inch crocheted round doilies, 35¢ each.

Beadwork:—Beautiful handbags, \$3.00 and \$4.00, beaded. Smaller handbags, \$2.00. Beaded pincushions, 75¢. Woven bead necklaces, \$1.00. Perfumed rose beads, 50¢. Flower holder, 75¢. War club, beaded handle, stone head, \$2.00. Adult moccasins, \$5.00 and \$3.00. Give length of foot in inches. Children's \$1.50. Babies' 75¢. Dolls' 25¢. Silk quilt tops, featherstitched, \$7.00. Order early for Christmas gifts. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo. Remittance must accompany orders.

CHRISTMAS GENEROSITY

'Tst tell me, if you really can,
Where good old Santy lives,
'Cause I would mighty like to know
Where are the toys he gives
To girls and boys; and if I 'st
Knew where to find 'em all,
I'd send good Father Ambrose some
To give his Indians small.—V. D.

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT

"The earth lay like a little child beneath the silent sky,
It slept, and in its dreams it smiled, stars sang a lullaby.

Above one lonely little town with glory all aglow,
A softly radiant star shone down, that Christmas long ago.

And in its light the glad earth woke, and 'neath its silvery rays,
The silence into music broke,—all heaven joined earth in praise.

For hushed on mother's happy breast, that glorious Christmas Day,
God's own first Christmas gift so blest, the holy Christ Child lay!

Shine on, O wondrous pure-white star of that first Christmas morn!

Tell all the waiting world afar,—Lo! Christ our King, is born."

THE REINDEER

Does Santa Claus live at the north pole, and does he really drive reindeer as we see him pictured? Whether he does, or whether he does not, we like to imagine that he does. The reindeer are animals that live in Lapland and in other cold countries of the frozen North. Some people in those regions own large herds of these ani-

mals, which are easy to care for because they look for their own food, which consists of the moss and the lichens that they find under the snow. In the far North reindeer are used as beasts of burden in place of horses. Their flesh furnishes meat, their milk is healthful to drink and also makes good cheese, while their skins make warm clothing, bed clothes, and tents. Even the bones are fashioned into tools. Because their feet are broad and flat and do not sink into the snow, the reindeer can travel fast and can hold out for long distances.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Evergreen trees are set up in many homes and in public places for Christmas trees. In their natural state evergreens do not grow everywhere, but may be easily transplanted. Many evergreens have been planted by Nature on the sides and even on the tops of mountains, oftentimes growing out of the solid rock without a particle of soil to be seen. The Black Hills in South Dakota, which are really small mountains, are of rock, great piles of granite that was heaped up many ages ago. These mountains are covered with beautiful pine trees, many of which have attained a height of



THE SHEPHERDS VISIT THE CHRIST CHILD

from seventy feet to a hundred and twenty feet. These, of course, because of their great height cannot be used for Christmas trees. Such as range from three to six feet are usually selected.

"It came upon a midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King.'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing."

HOLLY

At Christmas time holly is greatly in demand for decorative purposes. Delaware and Maryland furnish much of the holly we use. There are various kinds of holly trees. Some have red berries, other kinds produce yellow berries, while the color of a third kind is black. The entire tree is useful. From the leaves and the berries medicine is made; the bark yields a coloring matter; its wood, which is beautiful, being as firm and as white as ivory, is used for inlaying. The bright berries attract the birds, which feed on them and then carry the seeds elsewhere to plant them in other places. Thus Nature provides for the distribution of the seeds of this ornamental shrub or tree.

BREAD FROM HEAVEN

"The very best gift that anyone can receive during this beautiful Christmas season," said Daddy in response to a request from the children for a story, "is Jesus' Christmas gift of Himself, the Bread from Heaven."

Bobby and Betty sat up interestedly.

"You remember the story of the two loaves and five fishes that you read in The Parable Book."

"Yes," said Betty. "A big crowd had followed Our Lord all day long and many of them were far from home. They had no lunches with them. They were so eager to see what Our Lord did and hear the words that He spoke that they had gone a long way and had forgotten that they were hungry."

"What did Our Lord do?"

"Oh, I know," Bobby spoke quickly, eager to show that he, too, had not forgotten.

"Our Lord healed the sick, restored sight to the blind, made the deaf hear, and the lame walk."

"Yes that is right, Bobby," Father answered smiling.

"And one of the Apostles came to Our Lord and told him that a little boy in the crowd had five barley loaves and two fishes. Our Lord asked that the boy be brought to Him. He then blessed the loaves and fishes and ordered that the people sit down and eat. The loaves and the fishes really multiplied while they were

being given out and the whole crowd had all they wanted to eat."

"Good! I see you remember well, but can you tell me what Our Lord said to the crowd after they had eaten?"

Bobby spoke up quickly, "He told them that the reason they were following Him was not because of the miracles He had worked but because of the food they had been given."

"That is right, Bobby, and then He promised them a more wonderful bread. But they thought He meant ordinary bread such as they had just eaten. Knowing their thoughts, He said, 'I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever. The bread which I shall give is my flesh for the life of the world.' Of course, they could not know what He meant by these words.

"When the Apostles were gathered about Him at The Last Supper, the night before He died, He took bread into His sacred hands and, with eyes lifted up to heaven, He blessed it, broke it, and gave it to His apostles, saying: 'This is My Body.'

"And in the same manner He took wine and changed it into His Precious Blood. Thus was the promise kept. And the moment Our Lord gave us the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, He gave Himself to be the food of our souls.

"Great numbers of people come from everywhere to attend a Eucharistic Congress. This year, in September, there was a Eucharistic Congress in Omaha. Very beautiful were the ceremonies. Those who attended will never forget the wonderful sight.

"But tell me, what is the Holy Eucharist?"

Both children, being well versed in catechism, answered almost together, "The Holy Eucharist is the sacrament which contains the Body and Blood, soul and divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ under the appearance of bread and wine."

"Fine," Daddy smiled. "The Holy Eucharist is also called the Most Blessed Sacrament because no other sacrament is so holy.

"When you receive the Holy Eucharist it is called Holy Communion. When the priest gives Holy Communion to the sick as the last Sacrament. It is called the Viaticum.

"When you genuflect in church, it is Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament that you honor.

"The little red light you see burning before the Blessed Sacrament reminds us that the Blessed Sacrament is there, just as the beautiful star that shone over Bethlehem told the Wise Men that Jesus was there. When the Wise Men knelt before the crib, they knew it was more than an ordinary Babe that they saw. They believed in Him and adored Him.

"When we receive Holy Communion at the altar rail, we know that it is more than bread that we receive. Our faith tells us that it is the same good Jesus before whom the Wise Men knelt.

"There is a story told of Widukind, Duke of the ancient Saxon tribe in Germany, who once watched Catholic soldiers receiving Holy Communion. He was

amazed to see a beautiful Infant in Holy Communion. As some of the soldiers received, he saw the Child smile with joy, from a few He turned in sorrow."

"Why should He turn away, Daddy?" Betty wanted to know.

"Those from whom He turned away had mortal sin on their souls. They were unworthy to receive Him.

"After the Mass, the pagan king hurried to tell the priest what he had seen. The priest told him that a great favor had been shown him, for with his own eyes he had beheld the Infant Jesus. Soon afterwards this pagan king was baptized and became a great Catholic ruler, who received Holy Communion very often, and instead of fighting against Christ, he fought for him like a Christian soldier.

"Now it is time for my boy and girl to go to bed."

"But you'll tell us another story soon, won't you?"

"Yes. The next time I will tell you about 'Christ's Soldier.'

Bidding Daddy good night with a kiss and a hug, they scampered off to say a prayer before closing their eyes in sleep.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

It is a good thing to observe Christmas day if we observe it in the right way and with the true spirit.

In the first place, Christmas should be regarded by us as a feast day, the birthday of the Divine Infant, and we should endeavor to keep it as He would want us to keep His birthday. Surely, by attending Holy Mass and by the reception of the sacraments. Aside from the religious observance of this blessed feast day, how else may we keep Christmas?

Are we willing to forget what we have done for others, and to remember only what they have done for ourselves; to ignore what the world owes us and think what we owe the world; to do a little less complaining and sow a few more seeds of happiness for others?

Are we willing to consider the needs and desires of others, to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old, to stop wondering how much our friends love us and consider how much we love them, to bear in mind the burdens that others have to carry and to think less of our own, to be a little kinder to those who live in the same house with us and to be a little blinder to their faults, to make a grave for our ugly thoughts and a garden for our kindly feelings, with the gate open? Are we willing to do these things for one day? And if we succeed for one day, why not keep up the Christmas spirit throughout the year?

A Merry Christmas to all!

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair, He never guessed they'd miss him, or he'd surely have been there;

He couldn't see his mother or the lump that filled her throat.

Or the tears that started falling as she read his hasty note;

And he couldn't see his father, sitting sorrowfully and dumb,

Or he never would have written that he thought he couldn't come.

He little knew the gladness that his presence would have made,

And the joy it would have given, or he never would have stayed.

He didn't know how hungry had the little mother grown Once again to see her baby and to claim him for her own.

He didn't guess the meaning of his visit Christmas Day Or he never would have written that he couldn't get away.

He couldn't see the fading of the cheeks that once were pink,

And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't stop to think

How the years are passing swiftly and next Christmas it may be

There would be no home to visit; I'll not say he didn't care.

He was heedless and forgetful or he'd surely have been there.—Ex.

KRISTDORN

Because of its thorns and blood-red berries suggestive of the Passion of Christ the Danes call the Holly "*krisdorn*." It is regarded as a sacred plant, hated and feared of witches.

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

Hang up the baby's stocking,

Be sure you don't forget;

The dear little dimpled darling

Has never seen Christmas yet.

But I've told her all about it,

And she opened her big, blue eyes,

And I'm sure she understood it—

She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!

It doesn't take much to hold

Such little pink toes as baby's

Away from the frost and cold.

But, then, for the baby's Christmas

It will never do at all;

Why, Santa wouldn't be looking

For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby—

I've thought of the very best plan—

I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,

The longest that ever I can;

And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,

Right here in the corner—so;

And write a letter to Santa,

And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking

That hangs in the corner here.

You never have seen her, Santa,

For she only came last year.

But she's just the blindest baby!

And, now, before you go,

Just cram her stocking with goodies

From the top clean down to the toe."

EXCHANGE SMILES

"Yes, Rupert," said mother, "the baby was a Christmas present from the angels."

"Well, mama," said Rupert, "if we lay him away carefully and don't use him, can't we give him to somebody else next Christmas?"

"Johnny," said his aunt, "did you enjoy the book I sent you for Christmas?"

"Hain't looked at it yet."

"Why, how is that?"

"'Cause ma said I'd have to wash my hands first."

A lad at a Christmas dinner ate so much that he couldn't walk. When it was decided that he would have to be carried out, he issued the warning:

"All right; carry me, but don't bend me."

(Continued on page 383)

Why Useless Giving?

(Contributed)

Here is the simplest, safest and most delightful way to real happiness. Christmas is going to be a cheerless season this year for many good and deserving people who through no fault of their own won't be able to enjoy a happy Christmas for themselves and family. Many of them will not even have enough to eat, as is already very noticeable; others will shiver through the wintry months for lack of nourishment, clothing, fuel and shelter. Come, join us in trying to make the poor real comfortable this winter until next spring when the warm weather arrives.

Ordinarily, gift-giving among friends is merely conventional. Under present financial stress, the pressing need, the haggard want, the discouragement and black despair of thousands, yea, even millions of poor people in every part of this country command the serious attention and solicitude of every true Christian. Would it not be real selfishness to expect gifts from friends when the poor have no provisions, clothing, or the comforts of a warm home? It is heartless to behold the starving and shivering poor living in dilapidated houses, commonly referred to as shacks, where the wintry blasts blow through every nook, without extending a helping hand.

Is it not a pitiful sight to see the sick writhing in pain for the lack of the wherewith to buy medicines and obtain the help of a doctor? The sight of children crying day and night for food and clothing, is still more heart-rending. Won't you help us make these poor and forlorn souls happy and cheerful and thereby merit a real happiness for yourself?

Here is an easy way. Deprive yourself a little and give to the poor the money which otherwise would be used in the purchase of gifts that oftener are useless and unappreciated. There are many poor in your locality. Ask your pastor and he will readily give you the names and addresses. Do not let them suffer because they were careless or even extravagant in the past. They are in want NOW and your love for Christ should overlook their past shortcomings and render to them the help they crave. To know that you put food into a hungry mouth; that you clothed a cold and shivering human being; that you gave help either corporal or in the way of money to the sick—would that not be a greater happiness than giving merely formal, selfish, and sometimes real disappointing gifts such as are often exchanged among friends? This

oftentimes constitutes insincerity, a great deal of selfishness, because frequently real appreciation is lacking.

Your friends will understand, if you will make known your charitable intentions. They will think just as much if not more of you—if they did not, then they could scarcely be called friends. It is indeed poor friendship that lives only on gifts and personal gain. If there are no poor in your locality, and you wish to give toward the relief of the poor in other localities, but do not have the time to investigate and ascertain deserving cases, The Almitas, a Catholic organization engaged in charitable work, located at 1531 Hudson Ave., Chicago, Ill., will gladly act as distributing center for any gifts you wish to send.

This same organization will cheerfully furnish you free an appropriate Christmas Greeting Card announcing to your friends in a tactful and kindly way that you are going to help the needy this Christmas instead of exchanging gifts, and that you are also asking them to join you in this noble work. Mail cards now, before your friends make their purchases of Christmas gifts.

By following this suggestion, you will not only have made your own Christmas the happier, but at the same time you will be making many others happy and relieving a most distressful condition. You will be banking your money in Heaven at a high rate of interest. Begin now to help the poor and do not wait until Christmas. This positively is a sure and most definite "road to happiness."

Thirty-nine Newly Beatified Martyrs

(Continued from page 367)

Mr. Wells had received his sentence with undaunted courage and had carefully prepared himself for death. When the morning of his execution arrived, his wife was brought from the prison together with him and Father Edmund; and as she too had been condemned to death, they all thought she would be executed with them. But to her great disappointment she was not privileged to die with her husband and her spiritual Father, but was reprieved and died after ten years in prison, where she spent her time in fasting, watching and prayer.

Whilst Mr. Wells was dragged with the priest to the place of execution, he passed an old friend and companion of his sports, to whom he called out merrily: "Farewell, dear friend; farewell all hawking, hunting, and old pastimes; I am now going a better way."

At the place of execution he was first witness of the cruel butchery perpetrated on his priestly fellow martyr; but far from being frightened by the ghastly sight he showed eagerness to follow suit. He cried out to Topcliffe: "Dis-

patch, Mr. Topcliffe, dispatch; are you not ashamed to suffer an old man to stand here so long in his shirt in the cold. I pray God make of you a Saul a Paul, of a persecutor a Catholic professor." In these and other like sweet speeches, full of Christian piety, charity, and magnanimity he happily consummated his course on December 10th, 1591.

The Coffeepot Brews a Tempest

(Continued from page 365)

work to counteract the deadly fumes and restore the old friends to consciousness.

Softly the Christmas Spirit spoke, reminding Mrs. Brinkerhoff of Mrs. Helme's loyalty, the while Mrs. Helme was reminded of Mrs. Brinkerhoff's tireless support in that tragedy that robbed the Helme home of its mainstay.

Mrs. Brinkerhoff sighed and wiped away a tear, then with a determined shake of her head she reached for her shawl and darted out into the icy dawn.

Mrs. Helme coming out her back door hurriedly, collided with her neighbor, and they clung to each other a second tearfully.

"I was just coming over to ask you if you'd come and make a cup of your good coffee for our breakfast," she said a little embarrassed.

"And I was just coming to ask if you'd come and make a good cup of your coffee," Mrs. Brinkerhoff laughed a little hysterically.

Then they burst into the old gay laughter and swept the last hint of the misunderstanding away.

"Sure and there's but one way to make a good cup of coffee," Mrs. Helme grinned a little later over the steaming cups—"and that's with good will, eh?"

"Ah, Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man," Mrs. Brinkerhoff shook her head. "Isn't it glorious?"

This is My Body

(Continued from page 346)

When Allen made a move to go, Father Gilbert urged: "Wait a minute. I want to tell you how rude Queen Elizabeth was one time in regard to the elevation of the Sacred Host."

"Come on, Father, I'm ready," Allen coaxed.

"Well, one Christmas morning the queen as-

sisted at the Mass of the Bishop of Carlisle. Even at the Gloria she sent word to the bishop not to elevate the Host during the Mass. Bishop Oglethorpe replied: "This is the invariable rule of the Catholic Church for all priests and we must ask your Majesty's permission to allow us to conform." On receiving this reply she rose from her faldstool, biting her thin lips in anger, stamped vigorously upon the floor and hastily departed."

"Bully for the bishop," exclaimed Allen. "I am glad that he had enough backbone to tell her where to get off."

"Don't become so slangy," the priest admonished whilst Allen went away with the remark: "Who wouldn't become 'slangy' at such a stunt of this woman."

Abbey and Seminary

—A scarcity of water threatens us once more in a year that has been quite remarkable for its little rainfall. The meager rains of September helped out for the time being, but the source of our water supply is nearly exhausted again. When the recently-drilled wells have been "hooked up," possibly we may then be able to dispense with the Anderson as a source.

—After an absence of twenty-three years and a half at St. Leo, near Rayne, Louisiana, where he had been in charge of the parish, Father Leo Schwab has returned to his monastic home to spend the remaining days of his declining years in our midst. Because of its great distance from St. Meinrad, the Abbey has given up the parish of St. Leo, turning it over to the Bishop of Lafayette.

—Bro. Giles, one of the first group to go from St. Meinrad to Dakota Territory (as it then was) to the Sioux Indians in 1876, has returned from Devils Lake, N. D., for a visit with the community. It is twenty-five years since his last visit. He speaks the "Dacotah" tongue like a native. Brother Giles is a Hoosier by birth. He first saw the light of day at Vincennes in 1855.

—Father Justin and his dairyman, Mr. J. J. Van Balen, drove down from the mission at Stephan, S. D., at the beginning of November to give us some expert advice for the improvement of our Holstein dairy herd. Through modern scientific methods Mr. Van Balen has built up the mission herd to a high degree of efficiency. As a result, the mission with its school has an ample supply of milk and butter. The new dairy barn on the Abbey farm was warmly praised by the visitors.

—Word comes from Marty, S. D., that the bracing ozone of the western prairies is not without its beneficial effect upon Bro. Meinrad, who went to the mission in September. The climate thus far seems to agree with him.

—On the afternoon of November 9 the students gave

a playlet to a full house. Father Thomas directed the orchestra for the performance. On the afternoon of the 16th a musicale was given to the public in the college auditorium.

—Father Abbot Ignatius celebrated the Pontifical High Mass on All Saints. He was also the celebrant of the Pontifical Requiem on Nov. 5 for our deceased benefactors, relatives, and confreres.

—All Saints of the Benedictine Order fell on the 13th and All Souls of the Order on the following day. Father Prior offered up the Solemn High Mass on the 13th, while Father Subprior officiated on the 14th.

—November 27th, the last Thursday of the month, designated as Thanksgiving Day by the President's proclamation, is a red-letter day in the calendar of the students, who show their loyalty by keeping a holiday. A Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was offered up in the Abbey Church.

—The annual recurrence of November 28 is a reminder that, on this day in the year 1858, the chanting of the Divine Office had its inception at St. Meinrad. In all the years that have since intervened, this liturgical prayer has continued unceasingly at regular intervals from 4 a. m. each morning till after nightfall.

BOOK NOTICES

The Reverend John Laux, M. A., a priest of the Covington Diocese, has rendered a decided service to our Catholic High Schools in the publication of his **CHURCH HISTORY** (a new High School Text in Church History), From the Foundation of the Church to the Present Day—Complete in one Volume. Where our Catholic High Schools can not fit a course of Church History into the prescribed schedule, this interesting volume, with its numerous commendable features, should be placed into the hands of every student of civil history for collateral reading and study. This Church History will be an aid toward preparing our High School students to meet the questions that come up in daily contact with those not of the true fold. 650 Pages. Price, \$2.25; Net to Schools, \$1.69. X.

The C. Wildermann Company (33 Barclay Street, New York City) have sent us a new, large-type, India paper edition of "The Holy Bible," Douay Version, 1891 pages; size 4½ by 7, 1½ inches thick. Price, according to binding, ranging from \$3.00 to \$12.00. The convenient size and the splendid, clear type will commend this edition to the Catholic reader of Holy Scripture. The addition of the great Encyclical, *Providentissimus Deus*, of Pope Leo XIII on the Study of Holy Scripture, with a brief Introduction, increase the value of this neat volume. X.

A priest of the Archdiocese of St. Paul has published an artistic "Church Seasons Calendar," which is a real work of art. It will be especially helpful to that ever-increasing number of our faithful who are becoming more and more interested in the holy Liturgy. It would be difficult to crowd more information into so small a space. Feasts, fasts, abstinences, color of vestments and season, kind of Mass permitted, holy days of obligation, and a number of other features, helpful to the lover of the Liturgy, find a place in this unique calendar, which begins with the first Sunday of Advent, 1930, and runs to Advent 1931. The artist-priest, Reverend J. W. Brady, 244 Dayton Avenue, St. Paul, Minn., is the designer and publisher. X.

Volume V has recently been added to the "Eucharistic Whisperings" series that is being adapted by Rev. Winifred Herbst, S. D. S. These books contain loving thoughts, pious reflections, and heart-to-heart talks with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. They are suitable for visits to the tabernacle, and will be found a help in enkindling fervor. The price per volume, cloth, is 70¢; paper, 40¢; leather, \$1.30 to \$1.80.—Salvatorian Fathers, Publishing Dept., St. Nazianz, Wis.

Harry Brown at Barchester, by William J. Hendrix, S. J. (12mo., cloth; Net \$1.75; Benziger Brothers.) With this attractive story of an ideal boy, mentally, morally, physically, the setting of which is in a Catholic day school, Father Hendrix makes his debut to boy readers. The story is full of adventure and thrills, but not overdone. It will give the youthful reader of high-school age countless ideas of useful things to do. Ideals of a Catholic home and school are hammered out with consistency. The language is excellent, even if the author inclines at times towards verbosity. Certainly many an "old boy" will read the story with relish and live over his own school days with Harry Brown. The book is heartily recommended as wholesome and entertaining reading, giving the proper instructions and presenting ideals of character to the modern boy in a gustable fashion.—J. P.

The Leaflet Missal (\$1.00 the year, published at 244 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.). This new publication contains the Sunday Mass formularies in pamphlet form in English for the convenience of those who have no missal. The Leaflet Missal is meant to instruct the faithful in the liturgy of the Church.—A. B.

The New Catholic Dictionary, a complete work of reference on every subject in life, etc., is an abbreviated encyclopedia rather than a dictionary. It fills a long-felt want. The busy man, who has not the time for reading lengthy articles or dissertations, will find in these pithy explanations the information he needs. As this is a Catholic Dictionary, one cannot expect to find therein every word of the language. This New Catholic Dictionary deserves a place in the Catholic home and should be found in every school and library. (The Universal Knowledge Foundation, 19 Union Sq. W., New York. Price, \$10.00 to \$25.00).—A. B.

The Little Herald of the Enthronement (published by Mrs. Joseph W. McClory, Legume Farm, Trowbridge, Ill.; price 10¢, postage extra) is the delightful narrative of the saintly little Jane McClory, who died at the age of nine years on June 25, 1928. Even at so tender an age this dear child was truly an apostle. May she serve as an example to all our Catholic children. Parents should read this touching sketch.—B. B.

The Dominican Calendar of Feasts and Indulgences (Dominicana, 487 Michigan Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C., Price, 10¢.) is an English translation of the Dominican Ordo which will be welcomed by those who are affiliated with this great Order.—A. B.

Tarts and Cheese-Cake and other Whimsies (by Alexander J. Cody, S. J.; St. Ignatius College Press, San Francisco) is something out of the ordinary. The essays that make up the booklet treat of various subjects in an amusing manner.—A. B.

OBITUARY

Bro. Patrick, O. C. R.; Bro. Felix Cambron, O. S. B.; Bro. Herman Kampshof, O. S. B.; Bro. Anton Schmid, O. S. B.; Sr. Mary Paschal, Poor Claire; Sr. Mechtildis, O. S. B. R. I. P.

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER V—HER BROTHER'S KEEPER

IT was Monday morning, and wash day, and Madeline had run out of starch. So she hurried down the street to the store, nodding cheerfully to passers-by, and waving to others looking out of windows. By this time she knew nearly everybody in town, and she was well-liked for her sweet, kindly disposition. She had made her purchase, and was hastening back home, when she came upon Johnny Pine, sitting on the curbstone, crying as if his heart would break. He was more ragged and dirty than ever, and his face was streaked with tears and grime. Madeline was the friend of all the children, even the outcast Johnny, and tears ever moved her to sympathy. So she stopped.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" she asked.

"Oh, my mother's so sick, I think she's goin' to die, and the doctor won't come because we owe him a big bill and can't pay him nothin'. The drug-store man won't give us any more medicine either, and we ain't got nothin' to eat in the house. I don't care nothin' about myself; I can pick up somethin' here and there, but she needs somethin' decent to eat. She ain't had nothin' at all this morning." Madeline was appalled; was it possible there was such a bad case of poverty in their midst and nobody cared? And was it possible there were such unethical people on earth as that doctor and druggist who refused to give service and medicine without pay to one who was so deservedly in need of it?

"But the doctor did come at first, didn't he?" she asked.

"Yeah, he come for two weeks, but because we couldn't pay him anything, he says he wasn't in business for his health. And the druggist said he'd given us enough free stuff already." Madeline clicked her tongue in annoyed surprise.

"Well, don't cry, Johnny; I'll see what I can do about it." There was a dish of oatmeal left at home from breakfast, and a half bottle of milk. She decided to send this to the poor woman. As her washing was boiling on the stove, she was unable to take it down herself, so she called Johnny.

"Come with me," she said, "and I'll give you something for your mother." Johnny followed her, and

would have entered the house, but he suddenly spied Josiah looking toward him from the woodshed, and stopped at the doorstep, feeling very uneasy and embarrassed. Particularly when he saw Josiah emerge from the shed and come toward him with a sour expression on his face, did he wish himself far away from there.

"Hurry, Miss," he whispered to Madeline. "He's a-comin'." Madeline did not need to ask "who," for she knew very well. Quickly heating the oatmeal and returning it to its dish, she covered it with a saucer and a napkin, and gave it to Johnny together with the half bottle of milk.

"Now run!" she whispered, hurrying back to her washing and pretending she knew nothing of her uncle's approach. Johnny needed no second invitation, but ran with all his might.

"Hey!" shouted Josiah, seeing the urchin carrying something away from his house—his house! But Johnny only ran the harder. With a face "like forty days' rain," he came into the house and clumped straight up to his niece.

"See here!" he began. "What was that brat doin' here? What did you give him?"

"Oh, Uncle, his mother is deathly sick, and they have no food in the house, and the doctor refuses to come, and the druggist won't give her any medicine, so I sent up that dish of oatmeal we had left, and the half bottle of milk." Josiah almost choked with rage.

"You—you—you waster!" he growled. "Who gave you permission to give away anything out of this house? I paid for that oatmeal and that milk, and it could have been saved until the next meal."

"But, Uncle, I'm sure we can't leave the poor thing starve, can we?"

"Poor thing indeed! You don't know her like I do; she never was no account nohow, even when she was a girl. I knowed her all her life. Don't blame the doctor and the druggist. They know what sort of riffraff it is."

"All the same, she's a human being, Uncle, and none of us have any right to let her starve."

"Will you hold your tongue? I don't have to keep you here if I don't want to, and I don't have to put up with none of your impertinence either. Now let that be the last I hear of your helping her. Understand?"

Madeline was silent; just closed her eyes for a long second and plunged her hands deep into the hot suds. Then began rubbing the clothes on the board as fast as

she could. She was on the point of saying that she wished she had kept her money instead of wasting it upon one who was so ungrateful; then she might have had the means of helping poor Mrs. Pine. But she bit her lips to keep the words back. She knew no good would come of beginning such an argument. Josiah waited for her to answer, but when none was forthcoming, he slammed the door and went back to the shed, where he was straightening out bent nails which he had retrieved from some old boards. These he placed carefully in an old cigar box, every now and then punctuating his actions by some angry, mumbled words.

Meanwhile, his niece, her hands keeping pace with her racing thoughts, soon had the washing rinsed, and was hanging it out in snowy rows on the lines. She was a little pale from the contest which was going on in her heart; she could not banish from her mind the picture of the poor woman on the slum side of the railroad tracks, lying on her bed of suffering, abandoned by all. "Am I my brother's keeper?" rang through her head, and more and more she felt impelled by some inward voice to go to the poor sufferer's aid. But that meant incurring her Uncle's wrath, with who knows what consequences? Even as she debated the question in her mind, a shadow fell across the grass, and the widow came up to her.

"Madeline dear," she said, in a sugar-sweet voice. "What's this I hear about you giving Johnny Pine a dish of victuals and a bottle of milk? Surely it's not true? Mrs. Antrim just told me; she saw you from her own window. But I told her I'll not believe her."

"Well, why not? It's no sin to help a suffering fellow being," retorted Madeline, hanging up her last piece and going back to rub out some more. The widow's face took on a sanctimonious look of reproach.

"Madeline! After all your Uncle's done for you, you dare to give his food to those low-down people? I'm surprised!" Madeline, now a strong girl of fifteen, rubbed the clothes vigorously, while she strove not to say what was bubbling at her lips. She had kept friendship with all these people so long, and disliked now to bring down their antagonism, narrow as they were. She wanted to say, "What is it to you?" and "What has my uncle ever done for me?" and a lot more, but she closed her lips tight. She hated scenes, and decided that she cared nothing what they thought of her.

"My dear child," continued the hypocritical widow, "you must be very, very careful with your uncle's substance, and not waste it; you know he didn't have to give you a home if he didn't want to, and if he wants you to keep refined and not mix with low people, you mustn't get angry about it." How did she know that her uncle didn't want her to give the food to Johnny Pine? Had she been listening somewhere or spying?

"I'm not angry, am I?" She could not resist saying. "No, not outwardly, but I can well imagine that your heart is in a turmoil." (How did she guess it, wondered Madeline?) "You see, I know your uncle so well; I've known him almost all my life. He is a very, very dear friend of mine—oh, even dearer than a friend, and

everything that affects him, affects me too, more deeply than you know."

"Hmph! Why should it?" said Madeline, beginning to see through the widow and all her carefully-laid designs. But Mrs. Cummings became more honey-sweet than ever.

"Come, come, child; let us not quarrel together. We have been together all these three years, working and planning and laboring side by side. Surely you will not take my words amiss now? They are only meant with the kindest of intentions."

"Of course; I know that," replied Madeline, thinking it best to remain friendly.

"Surely, dear. And, of course, I know that your giving that food to the Pine boy was just the impulse of a kind heart. But you haven't the slightest intention of letting it happen again, have you now?"

"Mrs. Cummings," Madeline could not resist saying, "if I saw the boy crying as I did this morning, I would probably do the same thing again. What I can't understand is, why you care so much whether I do or not." She had put it as kindly as possible, but it had to come out.

"Why, child, it's just as I said before. It's because I take such a deep interest in you and your uncle that—" and so forth and so on, interminably. Madeline answered in monosyllables, and decided it was no use talking at all. At last she departed, and Madeline breathed a sigh of relief. She had a secret plan in mind, and that plan was to slip around to the Pine shack, and see for herself how matters stood. If nobody else would raise a finger to help, then she would do all her girlish hands could possibly accomplish alone. As she often slipped away to Mrs. Cummings' house, her uncle would not be suspicious, and she meant to keep her doings a secret as long as she possibly could, to avoid unpleasantness.

The last garment was hung up, and the soup for dinner finished, as she had made use of the same fire with which she had boiled the washing, to make soup on the back of the stove. She set the table, cut the bread, and called her uncle, who was morose and silent, as usual. The meal was soon over, and now, a dark design began to formulate itself in her mind. Her faithful little hens had been laying plentifully, and she had more eggs than she could use, stored away; why not sell some of them to get money with which to buy groceries and medicine for Mrs. Pine? The hens were hers, bought with her own money, and although her uncle had purchased some of the feed, the hens had mostly been self-supporting, and besides, she felt that the ninety dollars she had invested in improvements on the old house, ought to yield her some dividend or other. She had sold eggs in the past, and given her uncle the money; this time she would keep it—for charity.

No sooner said than done; her uncle was nowhere in sight, so she locked the kitchen door and hung the key on its accustomed nail under the porch, where he could easily find it. Taking her basket, she filled it with eggs, and slipped down to the general store with them. She received \$2.40 for them. Then, taking unfrequented

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streets, she crossed the railroad tracks, and boldly walked toward the shanty that had been pointed out to her as Mrs. Pine's home. She knocked at the door, and Johnny opened. There were but two rooms, a kitchen and bedroom.

Passing through the squalid, neglected kitchen, the boy led her to the farther room, where, upon a rickety white iron bed, whose springs sagged almost to the floor, lay the sick woman. She lay burning with fever, and every breath she drew was painful. Madeline laid down her basket and stooped over her.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Pine," she said. "You don't know me, but I heard you were sick, and so I thought maybe I could do something for you."

"You sent the oatmeal and the milk this morning?" asked the woman feebly, placing her hot hand on that of Madeline.

"Yes; I hope you enjoyed it."

"Thank you so much, dear child. There are few in this town who would care to come here and help. They avoid us like poison."

"I am so sorry," replied Madeline. "But I am going to do what I can for you and help you to get well." The woman squeezed her hand.

"Thank you; but child, does your mother know you are here? You might get into trouble, and I wouldn't want that to happen for worlds."

"Rest easy on that score, dear Mrs. Pine. I have no mother; I live with my uncle, Josiah Edgeworth—I suppose you've heard of him?"

"Oh, yes; but you are sure he won't object?"

"I don't know; but this is a case where I decide for myself. Do you see?"

"I do, but my dear, please don't cause yourself any unpleasantness on my account, I beg of you."

"I'm not caring, Mrs. Pine. If all those people around here think it is a crime to come and help someone who cannot help herself, then I am going to commit that crime." At once, Madeline realized that the poor woman was a very sweet, refined person, and that she must have been grossly maligned by malicious tongues. "Now, shall I change the bed linen? Where do you keep your sheets and things?"

"Over there in that closet; I've only one other sheet besides this, and one change of pillow slips. They are up in the shelf." So Madeline set to work with a will, washed the patient, changed her gown, and made her comfortable, putting wet compresses on her head, and doing such simple things as she had seen her mother do at the bedsides of sick neighbors. Then, hastily straightening up the room, she came back to the bed, where the woman now rested more comfortably.

"Now I am going down to Dr. Simmon's office, and get him to tell me what to do for you, if he will not come down here." No sooner said than done; it was not a great distance back across the tracks to the heart of town, where the doctor had his office above the drug store. To her relief, Madeline found him in.

"Doctor," she said, upon being invited into his inner office, "I've come about Mrs. Pine. I want you to tell me just what to do, and give me a prescription, and I

am going to try to pay you as much as I can. I am sorry you didn't keep on watching her case. She is in a very bad way."

"Well, you see," defended the doctor, "a man has to make a living; I've a family to take care of, and there are not a great many good-paying patients in this town. People think a doctor can wait years for his money, but doctors have to eat as well as anyone else."

"But, doctor, poor Mrs. Pine is absolutely destitute, and we cannot let her die on our hands without doing something. Well—I am going to try to do what I can for her, and I'll give you every cent I can lay hands on, if you'll only help me out. If she dies, what will Johnny do?" The doctor shrugged.

"Who will take care of my children if I die? Nobody is going to give me anything if I suddenly become destitute." Madeline nodded.

"I know; it's a hard world. But if I give you all the money I can, will you agree to work with me to save poor Mrs. Pine? Here's two dollars, all I can spare just now. I will come and always tell you how she is, and you can outline a course of treatment, which I will follow out faithfully. Is that a bargain?" The doctor nodded, half reluctantly.

"She owes me at least eighty dollars—I never got a cent for her husband's illness yet, and he's dead two years now. Drank himself to death, and then expected me to save him." But he got out his prescription pad and pulled out his writing board, and made ready to question Madeline about Mrs. Pine's condition. Five minutes later, she was descending the stairs to the druggist's shop, and handing him the prescription.

"I'm taking care of Mrs. Pine now, and all I have is forty cents, but really, I ought to buy them some groceries with it. But I promise to pay you something whenever I can; is that all right?" The druggist gave her the same story as the doctor, and Madeline had to argue a long time, but finally she prevailed upon him to fill the prescription. "I'll come and tend store for you sometimes, if that will help pay for the medicine," she suggested. The druggist brightened at once.

"Will you? All right; that will save me ten dollars a week for a clerk, if you will come every evening, and I'll give you all the medicine you need for Mrs. Pine, and maybe throw in a couple of dollars if you do well."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Breen," cried Madeline happily, not pausing to think what her uncle might think of this arrangement. Taking the bottle of medicine, she lightly ran to the grocery and purchased some bread, butter and cereal, and when she told the grocer of Mrs. Pine's sad plight, he threw in two pounds of sugar free. With gladness in her heart, she then returned to the sick woman's home, gave her a dose of medicine, prepared her an egg from some she had kept out of her basketful, and made Johnny something to eat. Then, with the poor woman's tearful thanks ringing in her ears, she hastened home, fearing she had been gone too long.

(To be continued)

NOTE:—We are sure that our readers have enjoyed the serials from the pen of Clare Hampton that have appeared in MAID AND MOTHER for some years past.

"Hidden Gold" was charming; "Her Alluring Path" was delightful, and the present story gives promise of much entertainment. We should be glad to hear what our readers thought of "Her Alluring Path." The expression of your opinion would be appreciated. Does the story contain enough of interest to warrant its publication in book form?—EDITOR.

Building Traditions

As we look back upon our childhood days, what was it that made Christmas such an enticing feast, so alluring, so heart-warming, making of the drab, cold December days a veritable fairyland? As December crept onto the calendar, the first thing to think about was the feast of dear old St. Nicholas, on the sixth of the month. With what anticipation did we not look forward to that first harbinger of the Christmas holidays? It was like a promise of the greater, better things to come on the 25th. Then, Catholic and Protestant children alike, hung up their stockings upon retiring, and confidently expected them to be full of good things by morning.

That over, things began in full swing. The papers were searched nightly for announcements of Santa Claus in the department stores, and glorious pictures of toys were scattered all over the page. There was the day we wrote our letter to Santa and posted it. Secret consultations between parents, and admonishments to be good, lest we receive nothing for Christmas. Locked closets, and funny-looking packages up in the shelves when our sharp eyes surprised mother in the act of hurriedly closing the door. Dear, good mother, whose greatest joy was, to make us happy! Came baking day, when all other work was pushed aside, and the entire day devoted to the making of all manner of fancy cookies. How we loved to watch, and scrape out bowls, and nibble at fresh, hot samples that mother handed us with her sweet, kindly smile. Sometimes auntie came over and helped mother, and that made the occasion doubly festive. You went to school next day feeling that things were going on in fine style up at your house, and you compared baking days with your school-mates, and the kinds and quantity of various cakes that were packed away into the big jar, not to be touched until Christmas Eve.

And then the trip downtown, to see Santa and tell him your wishes, the trip through toy land, where everything seemed but little short of heaven. And the great day crept closer and closer, and you counted the number of times you had to go to sleep before it came. And then, suddenly, one morning you found that the door of the living room was locked, and a peculiar odor was in the air—like pine needles, and one day, you found a strand of tinsel on the floor, close to the locked door, and you leaped with joy, knowing for certain that Santa must have been there, and was beginning to trim your tree.

And then the solemn evening itself—the wait, which seemed endless, the sound of footsteps in the secret room, a thump here, a noise there—what a thrill it was! Santa was surely in there, arranging the tree and

presents. And suddenly the doorbell rang furiously, once, twice, thrice, and a horn sounded, and a cowbell rang, and you knew it was time to go in. And oh, the overpowering ecstasy of that first peep into the magic room!—And these things, repeated every year, form a tradition that a child never forgets—no, not if it lived to be 100 years old! The traditions of a happy childhood—how precious they are!

Decorating the Home

Christmas decorations within the home add a great deal to the spirit of the holiday season. The living room, where the tree stands, and the dining room, which adjoins, especially, should be decorated, if no other rooms are. If there is a reception hall in front, by all means do not omit this, as it is here the visiting guest first steps, and the prevailing spirit of the household is thus immediately impressed upon him. The chandelier, usually, is the central point, from which all decorations radiate. Holly, pine, hemlock, or other evergreen branches may be tied above the lights so as to form a sort of bower. The longer the branches, the better. From these may be suspended countless strands of silver tinsel, giving a decidedly glittering and Christmassy effect. Wall brackets and arch lights may be treated similarly, so that no light in the room is without its branches, giving the room a pleasant piney odor, and a gardenlike appearance.

The mantelpiece, if there is one, is bowered in branches likewise, with the clock or a large vase for its central point. Holly and mistletoe is put in all the vases, and the silver tinsel suspended from them. If liked, red and green chenille ropes may be suspended cater-cornered across the rooms, beginning from the four corners, and meeting at the chandelier. Tiny bells and silver tinsel hung along these ropes add to the festive appearance. When the chandeliers and other lights are lit, the light is diffused between green and silver, and the effect is indescribable. If the electric bulbs are white, red crepe paper may be tied loosely about them, taking care that the paper does not touch the hot glass. Or a better way is to paint them red with thick water color. They can then be washed white again after the holidays.

The flame-colored bulbs look very well without any additional color treatment. The hall light may have a fringe as wide as the globe, or red crepe paper, tied around the top edge, and allowed to hang loose.

Your Christmas Bird

Whatever kind of fowl you intend having for Christmas dinner, the stuffing and the "trimmings" are very important. If the dinner is to be a success, the bird must be handled carefully, so that it may be beautiful and shapely if it is to be placed whole upon the table, and the side dishes must be well-chosen and tasty. If the drumsticks are not to be dry and crisp, they must be bound to the body of the bird, as also the wings, which are cut off up to the first joint. The skin should

be left longer at the neck and tied shut with a string. Scald the string first, before tying up the bird.

But first, of course, it must be stuffed. There are many different stuffings, and one may vary them at each particular dinner during the round of holiday entertaining. First, of course, there is the time-honored bread-stuffing. Many cooks soak the bread in water first, or in milk, and then squeeze it out. A Viennese style, if you can spare lots of eggs, is to bring up enough toast to fill the bird, then add eighteen eggs, three tablespoons butter or bacon grease, salt, pepper, 1 minced onion, 1 teaspoon sage, minced parsley and celery, and a grated bud of garlic. A cup of chopped walnuts may be added to increase the tastiness.

Then there is apple stuffing; leave the skins on the apples, unless tough. Core them—enough fruit to fill the cavity in the fowl, then fill each apple with a small lump of butter, a half walnut, and a mixture of cinnamon and sugar. Stuff the fruit tightly into the bird and sew shut. Another way is to quarter the apples or chop them fine, without any seasoning. Prunes may be used with the apples too; the prunes should be soaked for an hour in cold water, then pitted and cut up, mixing with the cut-up apples. Oyster stuffing is very good; grind up dry bread and add 2 cups of oysters in their liquor, and the cooked giblets, chopped. Season with salt, pepper, parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice. Celery may be substituted for the oysters, using 2 cups chopped celery.

Household Hints

A pound carton of butter equals 2 cups, and of course, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound equals 1 cup, and $\frac{1}{4}$ pound equals $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. This is a good thing to remember when making cake, and does away with measuring.

When clothing sticks to the varnish of a chair, wax the chair. Paste wax is best, as it has more body. This also saves varnished window sills, leather seats that stick, table tops with high polish, etc.

If the colored rayon stripe on your white bedroom curtains becomes faded out, purchase a box of tinting dye (not the boiling kind,) place in a basin with hot water in the tint desired, and paint carefully with a narrow paint brush. This works perfectly. Iron at once. In some colors, wax crayon blended with a hot iron works very well.

In taking down your summer cretonnes, wash in warm water with mild suds and bran mixed. The colors will not fade.

A touch of vinegar in the boiled icing prevents breaking when cutting.

Recipes

ORANGE-COCOANUT CREAM CANDY: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in candy pan, and add 2 cups sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, boiling to the soft ball stage. Cool and beat for 4 to 6 minutes. Add 2 teaspoons orange flower water, 2 teaspoons orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated orange rind and 2 cups moist shredded cocoanut and work into candy until creamy.

When cool enough to handle, take out by teaspoonfuls and roll into balls in the hands. Then roll in cocoanut.

PEACH AND CRANBERRY DESSERT: After removing cranberries from stove, put them in individual jello moulds and set away to chill. When ready to serve, place one on each dish, surround with canned peach slices, top off with a tablespoon of sweetened whipped cream, and sprinkle with chopped pecan nuts. Christmas cookies may be served with this fruit dessert.

To make healthy Christmas sweets for the kiddies, take fruits, such as California grapes, prunes, figs, dates, and raisins, dip in sugar and water boiled to the hard ball stage and leave plain, or roll in chopped nuts. They may also be dipped in chocolate.

Children's Corner

(Continued from page 376)

Little Marjorie came to tell her Sabbath school teacher that she would have to give up her part in the Christmas exercises.

"Oh, Marjorie!" lamented the teacher, "don't say that. Have you lost your Christmas spirit so soon, my dear?"

Marjorie shook her head.

"Not my Chrithmath thpirit," she lisped. "It'th my front teeth."

Alice was writing a letter to Santa Claus. Suddenly she looked up and said: "Mother, Santa Claus must be an awfully smart man 'cause he can read my letters when I can't even read them myself."

SWEET DREAMS

Now that the days are shorter and the evenings so long, it is a temptation to sit up at night to enjoy the radio, the new story book, the new game you received for Christmas, or to pop corn, or to pull taffy. Yes, there are dozens of diversions that wintertime makes attractive. However, boys and girls who go to school need plenty of sleep, and nine o'clock is not a bit too early to seek and enjoy the pleasant land of Counterpane. Some very wise person, who pretends to know, says that two hours sleep before midnight is worth more than four hours after midnight, and I suspect that person is very nearly correct, don't you?

HARRY'S LONGING

How I wish I'd been a shepherd
Long ago that Christmas morn,
When the big, bright star came shining,
And the Baby Christ was born.

How I wish I could have followed
That bright star to Bethlehem's shed,
And adored the Baby Jesus
Lying in His manger bed.

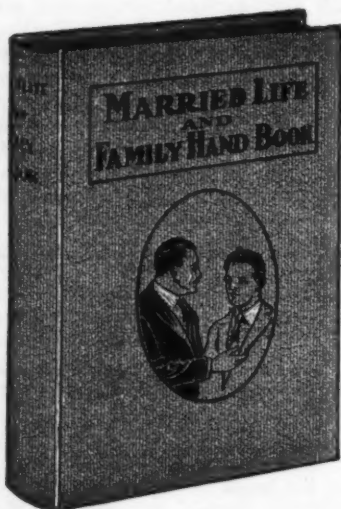
I'd have said to little Jesus:
"Merry Christmas, Babe so new,"
And I'm sure He would have answered:
"Little brother, same to you."

—Rose B. Trainer.

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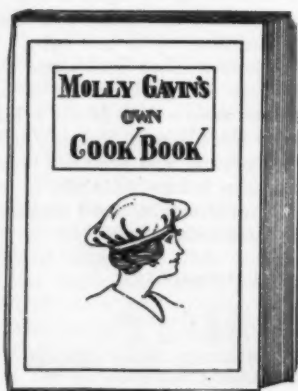
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Argentina	Korea
Palestine	Poland
Czechoslovakia	Hungary
Bahama Islands	Mexico
Island of Trinidad	

A COMPACT

ALL PERSONS THAT WEAR THE
MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT AND
PRAY FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE
BENEDICTINE ORDER SHALL SHARE
IN ALL THE GOOD WORKS PER-
FORMED IN THE ORDER.

THE TERMS

The terms are simple. You do only two things:

1. Wear the Medal of Saint Benedict.
2. Pray for the extension of the Benedictine Order.

(How much shall you pray? You are free to choose for yourself. We suggest that you *daily* say the best prayer, the one composed by Our Lord, the *Our Father* only once.)

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Saint Benedict founded his Order in the year 529. Consequently the Order is now celebrating its fourteen hundredth anniversary. It is almost as old as the Church herself. The world today needs the influence of Saint Benedict's Rule, which so beautifully fosters the family spirit and filial obedience. Pray for the spread of this good influence. Better still, become a Son or a Daughter of Saint Benedict.

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